FRONTISPIECE.



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See Fortitude, *page 81.*

Published by Vernor and Hood, June, 1798.

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A Mirror for the Female Sex.

HISTORICAL BEAUTIES

FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

INTENDED TO LEAD THE

Female Mind

TO THE LOVE AND PRACTICE OF

MORAL GOODNESS.

Designed principally for the Use of Ladies' Schools.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Ornamented with Thirty-Four Engravings,
BEAUTIFULLY CUT ON WOOD.

When such a speckious *Mirror's* set before ye, you needs must see yourselves.
Shakspeare.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD IN THE POULTRY;
And sold by E. NEWBERY, the Corner of
St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1798.

BRITISH MUSEUM
HORTUS SICCUS
BRIT
ET MUS

TO

SUPERIORS

OF

Female Seminaries.

LADIES,

THE Hiſtorical Beauties *has a natural claim on ſome ſhare of your patronage: It aims at the ſame objects with you, co-operates with all your labours in improving and poliſhing our ſex, is the aſſociate of your wiſhes, and facilitates their completion. What approbation it deſerves, were as unneceſſary for me to ſolicit, as unhandſome in you to refuſe. I have done what I could, and you will judge as you ought. From that imperfection which tarniſhes every human production, mine pleads no exemption; but has the leſs to fear, that my readers are more or leſs conſcious of ſimilar infirmity; and experience may have taught them the equity and neceſſity of ſhewing the ſame meaſure of lenity in my caſe they may wiſh in their own.*

To you it comes, with perfect confidence in your favourable or candid acceptance at leaſt. It makes an humble tender of aſſiſtance, in diſcloſing, for the benefit of your charming pupils, the pureſt ſources of whatever is beſt calculated for amuſing their fancies, informing their underſtandings, and bettering their hearts. The nature of the work will ſhew the cloſe application and extenſive reading it has coſt me; and your acquaintance with the various authors from whom the ſelection is made, may enable you to give me credit for my ſtrict adherence to correctneſs in every article extracted.

Should the Hiſtorical Beauties *receive from you the leaſt degree of attention, or gain admiſſion into your elegant ſocieties, the good intention with which it is publiſhed, leaves no doubt on my mind that it may be uſeful. In this hope, and with my beſt wiſhes for its ſucceſs and yours, I have the honour to be,*

Ladies,

Your moſt humble Servant,

M. P.

PREFACE.

"THE taſk of an author," ſays Doc-
" tor Johnſon, " is either to teach
" what is not known, or to recom-
" mend known truths by his manner
" of adorning them; either to let new
" light upon the mind, and open new
" ſcenes to the proſpect, or vary the
" dreſs and ſituation of common ob-
" jects, ſo as to give them freſh grace,
" and more powerful attractions."

This, however, can only be performed in works of originality; and is all that can be expected even from the moſt maſterly of theſe. The range of genius, except, perhaps, in a few of the ſciences, ſeems to be pretty generally monopolized by the writers of the claſſic ages; and little is left for

us, but the gleanings of what yielded them ſo plentiful an harveſt. The following pages, though profeſſedly extracted from labours ſanctioned by public approbation, are now, for the firſt time, applied to one ſpecific object of improvement, and meant to operate in a new direction. The idea was ſuggeſted to my mind by a little very popular work; *Dodd's Beauties of Hiſtory.* Yet, as this was evidently written for the edification of his own ſex, and mine for that of ours, let me flatter myſelf the *Hiſtorical Beauties* will not be conſidered as wholly deſtitute of novelty; that its uniform aim is rather to amuſe and inſtruct, than agitate or ſurpriſe.

Of the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with hiſtory, every

every perſon of a liberal education, and an enlightened mind, muſt be ſenſible. The world at large has, indeed, been long convinced, that it expands the intellects by anticipating the ſources of experience; corrects and moderates our paſſions, by exemplifying the various exceſſes and obliquities to which they are liable; and lays a foundation for the culture and exerciſe of every noble virtue and honourable purſuit, by a ſeries of moral painting in perfect uniſon with the original. And it muſt be acknowledged, all we perceive of human life, and the manners of the world, is calculated to teach us, that leſſons of ſuch an important tendency cannot be more indiſpenſible to one ſex than another. Poor, indeed, were our compenſation for ſtudying the beſt digeſted

hiſtories of ancient or modern times, were the information they afford confined to the competitions of nations, the treaties and alliances of courts, the projects and politics of princes, the improvement of tactics, the horrors of battles, the havock of ſieges, the achievements of heroiſm, and the bickerings of faction. Of all ſuch ſhocking ſcenes and occurrences our own experience may furniſh enough to tear and harrow up our ſouls, without ſubjecting us to the drudgery of traverſing the world over, for what is ſo habitually tranſacting at our very doors. But though the preſent imperfect condition of our natures renders theſe, in ſome meaſure, inſeparable from a faithful record of truth, the fates that accompany them, the cauſes in which they originate, the objects

objects to which they are directed, the paſſions, the talents, the characters, the virtues, and the vices, moſt conſpicuous in their accompliſhment, are full of uſeful inſtruction, and lead to maxims of the ſoundeſt wiſdom.

It has been long matter of general and ſincere regret, that the exterior of female education is cultivated but too frequently at the expence of qualities more valuable; that a ſhowy outſide leaves hardly any taſte for mental excellence; and that reality is every where avowedly ſacrificed to appearance. The requiſites for indulging this faſhionable propenſity, give young ladies, eſpecially while at ſchool, no time for acquiring the leaſt idea of general hiſtory, as they enjoy no leiſure for reading, or digeſting what

little they may read. To alleviate this inconvenience, and prevent, as much as poſſible, its pernicious influence on the feminine mind, theſe *ſeleƈtions* from ancient and modern authors, of eſtabliſhed reputation and celebrity, are publiſhed for their accommodation; that, without intenſe application, or any ſuperfluous waſte of time, they may have the advantage of an early acquaintance with ſuch extraordinary characters in their own ſex, as have either adorned or diſgraced the page of biography. And while their young minds are thus occupied in the honeſt contemplation of great or good actions, it becomes them very naturely to conſider, that they have it ſtill in their power to imitate the virtues they admire, and avoid the vices they abhor.

INTRODUCTION.

LADY Stanley was one of thoſe amiable characters who conſider the parental duties of ſuch high importance as to demand a conſtant and unwearied attention, and therefore ſhe retired to a ſmall houſe within a few miles of the metropolis, and ſpent her whole time in the cultivation of her childrens' minds, and the improvement of their hearts.

Sir Edward Stanley had been appointed to an office of high importance in the Eaſt Indies; and not thinking it right to hazard the health of his children, by taking them to a climate generally unfavourable to an Engliſh conſtitution, had left them under the care of their excellent mother, who was anxious they ſhould acquire thoſe virtues, and excel in

thoſe accompliſhments, that would be moſt likely to attract his affection.

Emily Stanley, at the time of Sir Edward's departure, had juſt entered her fourteenth year; Charlotte, her thirteenth; and Louiſa, her eleventh. Their diſpoſitions were naturally amiable; but there was an indolence of mind, and a diſtate to ſtudy, in the two elder, which frequently gave Lady Stanley the utmoſt uneaſineſs.

Ever anxious to promote their happineſs, as well as improve their underſtandings, ſhe endeavoured to render her precepts both pleaſing and inſtructive; and, by the gentle ſweetneſs of her manner, made the path of knowledge appear an enamelled mead rather than a thorny deſert.

Although

Although ſhe was particularly anxious her children ſhould be perfectly acquainted with both ancient and modern hiſtory, yet they had hitherto peruſed only that of England; and their natural diſlike to application made her apprehenſive they would feel a repugnance to the courſe of reading neceſſary for them to purſue. This circumſtance induced her to ſelect a variety of anecdotes from the different authors ſhe had peruſed, and form them into a ſmall volume, that, by reading an account of abſtracted events, they might feel deſirous of becoming acquainted with the *cauſes* which produced them.

On the morning of the new year, when the children entered Lady Stanley's apartment, ſhe informed them ſhe had

had been preparing a preſent, which, ſhe flattered herſelf, would be more acceptable than toys or trinkets; becauſe it would be an additional proof to them of her affection for their perſons, and her ſolicitude to promote the improvement of their minds.

"From this little work, my dear 'girls," ſaid that amiable woman, addreſſing herſelf to her daughters, "you will have an opportunity of drawing examples for the regulation of your future conduct; and likewiſe be enabled to form an opinion of the different virtues and vices which have embelliſhed or deformed the female character both in the paſt and preſent ages.

"A thorough knowledge of hiſtory is certainly one of the moſt eſſential parts of a girl's education, and I confeſs

feſs myſelf very anxious to inſpire you with a reliſh for the ſtudy of it; and if you have any ambition to render yourſelves either pleaſing or entertaining companions, you muſt endeavour to ſtore your minds with a fund of uſeful knowledge; for that flippancy of converſation which flows from a prating tongue and empty head, is diſguſting to a ſenſible, and fatiguing to a rational, companion.

"A young woman totally unacquainted with hiſtory, muſt of courſe have her ideas bounded to the ſpot where ſhe reſides, and be incapable of deriving any advantage from a knowledge of the manners and cuſtoms of people who inhabit the different parts of the globe. But the moſt important point of view in which hiſtory appears

ſo

ſo eſſentially neceſſary, ariſes from the impreſſion which the peruſal of great and amiable actions is ſo peculiarly apt to make upon the youthful mind. Not that I have merely ſelected ſuch as appear under that denomination; for I thought that, by contraſting vice with virtue, both would appear the more ſtriking.

"I have endeavoured to arrange my characters upon the principle of a work which was written by the late ingenious Doctor Dodd, and which has met with that univerſal applauſe it ſo juſtly merits: and though I know myſelf incapable of acquiring that degree of credit he obtained, yet, if I have the ſatisfaction of inſpiring my childrens' breaſts with the love of virtue, it will be more gratifying than the voice of fame, or the ſound of applauſe."

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HISTORICAL BEAUTIES.



RELIGION.

SENTIMENTS.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools deſpiſe wiſdom and inſtruction. *Proverbs.*

A great, a good, and a right mind, is a kind of divinity lodged within us, and may be the bleſſing of the ſlave as well as the prince. *Seneca.*

A good conſcience is both the teſtimony and reward of a good life. *Seneca.*

I SHALL commence my work, my beloved children, by introducing to your knowledge ſome of thoſe characters who have rendered themſelves conſpicuous by the union of piety

and morality, and whoſe lives were ſpent in the performance of devotional exerciſes, and in the practice of benevolence to their fellow-creatures. I have always endeavoured to convince you, that piety towards God is the foundation of thoſe virtues which will make you eſtimable in the eyes of men; and that to be void of it, evinces a cold heart, deſtitute of the beſt affections which can grace a youthful character. At your time of life it is natural for the heart ſpontaneouſly to riſe into admiration at what is great, glow with the love of what is fair, and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs and goodneſs: and where can any object be found ſo calculated to kindle thoſe affections, as the Father of the univerſe, and the Author of all your felicity? Untouched by gratitude, can you behold that profuſion of good which his beneficent hand pours around you? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majeſty which his works every where diſplay? Offer to God,

God, therefore, the firſt fruits of your affections and underſtandings; and be aſſured, that the more you increaſe in love to him, the more you will increaſe in happineſs, excellence and honour.

The principles of piety and devotion has often been evinced at that early period of life, when it might have been ſuppoſed the infant heart was incapable of ſuch exalted ſentiments: a ſtriking proof of the juſtneſs of this obſervation is recorded in the hiſtory of Lady Jane Gray.

Lady Jane Gray was eldeſt daughter to the Duke of Suffolk; a man whoſe mind was too much occupied by plans of ambition to be capable of admitting ſentiments of tenderneſs. In her earlieſt childhood ſhe was unaccuſtomed to receive thoſe endearing careſſes which are calculated to attract the affection of a youthful heart; and, inſtead of conſidering her father in

the light of a tender friend, ſhe was compelled to behold him as a rigid judge, who, inſtead of palliating the trifling errors of childhood, magnified them into crimes, and condemned them with ſeverity. This ill-judged rigour probably might have been the firſt incitement to that uniform piety which marked her future conduct; and being withheld, by fear, from expreſſing the effuſions of a ſuſceptible heart to her *earthly parent*, ſhe ſought conſolation at the throne of her *heavenly one*, and poured out her ſorrows to him who healeth the broken-hearted, "and raiſeth up them whoſe ſpirits are caſt down."

When ſhe was arrived at an age to be informed of the ambitious views of the Duke of Suffolk, who taught her to aſpire to the poſſeſſion of a crown, inſtead of being dazzled by the glaring proſpect, ſhe foreſaw the dangers with which it was ſurrounded; and though Edward had declared her his ſucceſſor, yet the ſuperiority of his

his ſiſter's claim made her ſtrenuouſly refuſe the proffered dignity: and when her father, and the Duke of Northumberland, (whoſe ſon ſhe had married,) compelled her to accept it, ſhe expreſſed her fears that ſhe was committing an action that would be diſpleaſing to heaven, and uſurping that to which another had a right. But if her humility and juſtice was conſpicuouſly diſplayed in her manner of accepting an unwiſhed-for dignity, her ſweetneſs and humility were no leſs ſtrikingly evinced in her manner of reſigning it; for when ſhe was informed that the body of the people had declared for Mary, ſhe expreſſed her ſatisfaction at being relieved from the burdens of a crown, and rejoiced in the proſpect of being able to devote her time to the ſervice of her Creator, and the improvement of her mind. But, alas! theſe viſionary proſpects of future felicity were all ſuddenly and unexpectedly overclouded! The inhuman Mary, fancying herſelf inſecure on the imperial ſeat whilſt

her rival was in exiſtence, ſent an order for her immediate impriſonment; and, loſt to the voice of tenderneſs and humanity, decreed that Lady Jane and her unfortunate huſband ſhould both periſh together!

It was at that dreadful period that the amiable Lady Jane found the inſpiring aid of that rectitude, which had been the rule of all her actions, enable her to ſupport with cheerfulneſs the rigour of her deſtiny, and meet her approaching diſſolution with calmneſs and reſignation.

Previous to her execution, ſeveral Roman Catholic prieſts were ſent to her by the Queen, to attempt converting her to that religion to which ſhe was ſo bigotted a zealot; but her faith was eſtabliſhed upon too firm a baſis to be ſhaken by the crafts of prieſthood, or the perſuaſion of power; and ſhe died a firm diſciple to the Chriſtian faith.

Her

Her perſon is deſcribed by hiſtorians as being exquiſitely lovely; and her manners ſo ſtrikingly engaging, as to attract the affection of all thoſe who had the ſatisfaction of enjoying their influence. Her temper was naturally grave, yet blended with an uncommon ſhare of ineffable ſweetneſs. She was completely miſtreſs of the Latin and Greek languages, and had made ſome proficiency in the Hebrew, when her inhuman perſecutor decreed that her learning and virtues ſhould periſh together. The humility of her mind could only be equalled by its liberality; for ſhe pardoned the greateſt wrongs committed againſt herſelf, though her heart was incapable of injuring others. In ſhort, whether ſhe is viewed in the character of a daughter, a wife, a queen, or a priſoner, ſhe appears adorned with ſuch perfections as muſt command praiſe, and defy cenſure.

"Virtue (ſays Seneca) is the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality: it raiſes the mind above griefs, hopes, fears, or chances; and makes us patiently ſubmit to the decrees of heaven."

The truth of this obſervation is fully exemplified in the hiſtory of a daughter of Sir Thomas Aſkew's, whoſe ſufferings and perſecutions were of a nature to ſhake the firmeſt reſolution, unleſs ſupported by the principles of virtue, and the aid of religion.

Anne Aſkew had been originally educated in the principles of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion; but having been at an early age forced into a marriage contrary to her inclination, her mind naturally acquired a tincture of ſerioufneſs, and ſhe devoted many hours every day to the duties of religion. When ſhe attentively examined into the principles upon which her faith was

founded,

founded, ſhe gradually became ſenſible of the errors that were connected with it; and abjuring it altogether, became an entire convert to Chriſtianity. This circumſtance was a pretence for her huſband's treating her with the moſt barbarous cruelty, and refuſing to ſupport her in his own houſe: he turned her out of it, and abandoned her to the miſeries of the world, defenceleſs, forlorn, and unprotected!

A woman reduced to ſo wretched a ſituation, by the cruelty of him who ought to have ſhielded her from every kind of diſtreſs, one would have imagined had a claim upon the humanity of her fellow-creatures; but, alas! that religion which ought to have taught compaſſion for the unfortunate, breathed only oppreſſion and perſecution; and her having abjured *her faith*, was conſidered a crime of ſo heinous a nature, as demanded the vengeance of all thoſe who wiſhed to promote the Roman Catholic perſuaſion. She un-

fortunately went to London (with a view of ſuing for a divorce) at a period when the fanatic zeal for the Roman Catholic religion was raging with the utmoſt ardour, and became a cloke for the moſt unheard-of barbarities. The partizans of her huſband were ſufficiently powerful to controvert all the arguments ſhe could adduce in favour of her own conduct; and ſhe was not only arreſted, and thrown into priſon, but treated there with ſtudied indignity, and premeditated inſolence. Yet ſhe ſubmitted to the ſeverity of her fate with the moſt cheerful reſignation; and, ſuſtained by that power who arms the afflicted with fortitude, and the oppreſſed with patience, endured the moſt exquiſite tortures that human imagination could invent, rather than acknowledge herſelf the member of a religion that was eſtabliſhed upon the foundation of cruelty, and the baſis of oppreſſion! When the moment arrived that deſtined her to fall a victim to perſecution, ſhe met her

fate

fate with an heroiſm that would have done honour to the greateſt general, and looked upon death as the *meſſenger* of *peace*, and the *harbinger* of *felicity!*

Thus you ſee, my dear girls, that religion prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude the moſt ſevere ſhocks of adverſity; and thoſe afflictions which appear to the wicked as meſſengers of the wrath of heaven, ſeem to the good as merciful diſpenſations, ſent to make trial of their fortitude, their faith, or their reſignation.

Catherine Parr, wife of Henry the Eighth, was a woman of the moſt exemplary piety, and refined morality. Amidſt the gaiety and ſplendour of a court, her mind was occupied upon the duties of religion; and the variety of her compoſitions prove that to piety was united humility, and a perfect reliance upon the diſpen-

ſations of Providence. From her earlieſt infancy her mind had been habituated to the practice of devotional exerciſes; and though the frequency of that practice was one of the failings alledged againſt her (by the Biſhop of Wincheſter) to the King, yet, to preſerve her life, ſhe never remitted any of her duties, believing that if ſhe *forſook her God*, he would alſo *forſake her*.

Catherine of Arragon, who was a former wife to Henry the Eighth, was alſo a woman of great piety and uncommon erudition: her education had been ſuch as to enable her not only to indulge her taſte for literature, but to become an excellent judge of the merits of thoſe who trod in the path of ſcience, and ſhe was the univerſal patronneſs of learned men.

When the verſatility of her huſband's diſpoſition induced him to ſearch into remote cauſes for a pretence to annul his marriage, the arguments

ments ſhe uſed in favour of its validity, are in themſelves ſufficient to mark the ſuperiority of her underſtanding: but, admirable as it was, it could not preſerve her from ſinking under the ſeverity of her misfortunes; and when ſhe was degraded from the dignity of a queen, the remainder of her life was ſpent in the practice of the moſt rigid devotion, and in the ſtrict obſervance of thoſe duties which ſhe imagined would be moſt acceptable to Heaven.

From the inſtances I have repreſented of the powerful effect of Religion in enabling the mind to ſupport afflictions, you are not to imagine that it will only be neceſſary to apply to its aid in the ſeaſon of diſtreſs; for the greater the benefits are which you receive from Heaven, the ſtronger muſt be your motives for the exertion of your piety and gratitude to the great Author of them, who, for all his mercies, requires

quires no other return than that of a *grateful* and *pious heart.*

The late Lord Burleigh (who was one of the ableſt politicians of the age in which he lived) uſed to ſay, that he would never truſt any man whoſe actions were not governed by the principles of religion; and alledged as a reaſon, that thoſe who were not *true to God* could never be ſo *to men.*

Queen Elizabeth, who is univerſally allowed to have been one of the greateſt characters that ever ſwayed the Britiſh throne, not only regularly devoted a portion of each day to acts of piety, but compoſed ſeveral treatiſes on religious ſubjects; and at the age of twelve years, ſhe tranſlated into Latin, French, and Italian, a book of prayers and meditations, which ſhe dedicated to her father. Before ſhe died, ſhe had the happineſs of ſeeing the Proteſtant religion

gion eſtabliſhed throughout her kingdom; and the rage for the Roman Catholic perſuaſion, which had filled her predeceſſor's reign with ſuch cruelty and perſecution, was by her judicious conduct entirely ſubdued.

Though Queen Elizabeth had the happineſs of eſtabliſhing the Proteſtant religion in England, yet *Chriſtianity* was introduced into it many ages before her acceſſion to the throne; for at the time this kingdom was divided into an heptarchy, Ethelbert, king of Kent, eſpouſed Bertha, daughter of Carribert, king of Paris, who had been educated in the Chriſtian religion. The ſweetneſs of her manners, the ſuperiority of her underſtanding, and the benevolence of her heart, all conſpired to give her an aſcendancy over Ethelbert's mind: and attached, as ſhe was, to his perſon, it was natural for her to exert her influence in a cauſe wherein ſhe conceived his preſent peace, and future felicity, was

ſo

ſo entirely interwoven. As her own actions were guided by the mild influence of that religion to which ſhe was ſo anxious her huſband ſhould become a convert, her perſuaſive arguments ſoon convinced him of its purity; and he not only embraced the Chriſtian faith himſelf, but endeavoured to eſtabliſh it throughout his kingdom.

Virtue has ſometimes been imagined an hereditary poſſeſſion, which, like an eſtate, deſcends from generation to generation. Though you will find, in the peruſal of this work, that I have controverted that idea, yet in the inſtance I am about to record it is fully exemplified.

The uncommon care which the amiable Bertha beſtowed upon the education of her child, and the advantages ſhe derived from daily beholding inſtances of her mother's virtue, had ſo happy an effect upon the mind of the young

Ethelburga,

Ethelburga, that ſhe not only endeavoured to imitate the bright example that was ſet before her, but, if poſſible, to ſurpaſs it. The fame of her virtues, and the account of her exemplary conduct, extended to a diſtant part of the country; and Edwin, king of Northumberland, was attracted by the univerſal applauſe. He ſaw Ethelburga; admired and married her; and, like Ethelbert, king of Kent, became a convert to the precepts of Chriſtianity.

You muſt now, my dear girls, view a far different picture to that which I have juſt repreſented; and, inſtead of beholding Chriſtianity adorned with that gentleneſs which its Divine Teacher inculcated, you muſt obſerve religion diſguiſed in the veil of prieſtcraft, and ſuperſtition eſtabliſhing her foundation in bloodſhed, cruelty, and horror.

From

From having perufed the character of Lady Jane Gray, the very name of Queen Mary muft ftrike you with a fenfation of abhorrence. Your knowledge of the Hiftory of England will almoft render it unneceffary for me to tell you that fhe was daughter of Henry the Eighth, by Catherine of Arragon, who was particularly careful of her education, and engaged fome of the moft able men of the age for her inftructors; and, if precept could have inculcated the principles of humanity, fhe would not have been regarded by pofterity as Chriftianity's greateft fcourge. Her mind was naturally weak; and acting under the influence of craft and prieft-hood, fhe authorized fuch atrocious acts of cruelty as would make even a favage nature fhudder. During the three years that this perfecution of the Proteftant religion was carried on with its infatiate violence, it is computed that no lefs than two hundred and feventy perfons were brought to the ftake for refufing to acknowledge the

the Pope's ſupremacy, and remaining firm to the Proteſtant faith; and amongſt that number fifty-five were women, and four children! Upon how miſtaken a principle muſt that religion have been founded, which was eſtabliſhed upon the lives of the unoffending, and upon the blood of the innocent!

Tenderneſs and compaſſion are generally allowed to be the peculiar characteriſtics of the female mind; but Mary is not a ſingle exception to that partial rule; for Catherine de Medici, widow of Henry the Second of France, was her equal in cruelty, though her ſuperior in underſtanding.

Upon the death of Henry, his ſon Francis aſcended the throne; and as he was a prince of very moderate abilities, he ſubmitted entirely to the direction of his mother, whoſe policy in affairs of ſtate, and ardour in the cauſe of the Roman Catholic religion, have rendered her a

conſpicuous

conſpicuous character in the French hiſtory. The Proteſtants, during the reign of Francis, were treated with all the ſeverity inquiſitorial malice could invent; but it was in the reign of his brother Charles that it was carried to the utmoſt extent of inhuman barbariſm. Catherine, finding that all her attempts *entirely* to aboliſh the Proteſtant religion had proved ineffectual, ſuggeſted to her ſon the inhuman idea of having a general maſſacre throughout his dominions of all thoſe who profeſſed that perſuaſion. The cruel propoſal met with a favourable reception, and orders were immediately ſent to the magiſtrates of the different provinces to have it put in practice. In Paris the conſpiracy was carried on with ſuch a profound ſecrecy, that not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion was entertained of the inhuman deſign. The eve of St. Bartholomew's day was pitched upon for this barbarous undertaking, and the ſignal for the commencement of it was the tolling of a bell. The guards and

militia

militia had been previouſly put under arms, and the command given to the Duke of Guiſe. The whole night, and part of the next day, was ſpent in this inhuman butchery; and in Paris, and the provinces, it is computed that upwards of thirty thouſand ſouls periſhed. So execrable and bloody a deſign, formed by a woman whom the Proteſtants had never provoked, is one of thoſe uncommon inſtances of barbariſm which requires the utmoſt confidence in the hiſtorian's veracity to give credit to. But, alas! the different authors who have diſgraced the page of hiſtory by a relation of it, are too conſiſtent in the account of the fact, to leave a doubt upon the mind as to its authenticity!

I cannot, my dear girls, cloſe a ſection which has ſo intereſting a ſubject as religion for its theme, without endeavouring to point out the peculiar advantages which are likely to reſult from the practice of it.

You

You are not to imagine, that when I exhort you to be religious, I wiſh you to become more formal or ſolemn in your manners than others of the ſame years, or expect you to become their ſupercilious reprovers. On the contrary, I admire the volatility that is attendant upon youth, and would rather promote than leſſen it: but the ſpirit of true religion breathes gentleneſs and affability; it gives a native unaffected eaſe to the behaviour; is kind, ſocial, and cheerful; and very different from that gloomy and illiberal ſuperſtition which clouds the brow, ſharpens the temper, and dejects the ſpirits. It corrects and humanizes conſtitutional vices; and, above all, produces an univerſal charity and love to all mankind.



FILIAL DUTIES.

SENTIMENTS.

My ſon, hear the inſtructions of thy father, and forſake not the law of thy mother.

Whoſo loveth inſtruction, loveth knowledge; but he that hateth *reproof*, is fooliſh.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work is pure, or whether it is right. *Proverbs.*

IN the catalogue of *human duties*, none have a ſtronger claim upon your attention than thoſe which I mean to make the ſubject of this ſection; for next to your Maker your parents

are

are entitled to your veneration, gratitude, and eſteem. Yet, with all theſe claims upon their childrens' affection, how often has the unhappy parent the miſery of finding pertneſs ſubſtituted in the place of humility, arrogance in that of dependence, and indifference in that of duty! and, inſtead of their children ſubmitting with docility to the experience of age, beholds them vain through ignorance, and preſumptuous through folly!

Although, my beloved girls, I am not fearful of becoming one of thoſe unhappy parents, yet I cannot help cautioning you againſt a contagious evil, which is the general ſource of all thoſe calamities that are attendant upon the ſeaſon of youth: I mean that degree of *ſelf-conceit* which is uſually attached to that period of life. But it is moſt peculiarly unfortunate that the *age* which ſtands moſt in *need* of *advice*, ſhould be the moſt prone to reject it. In China, ſo great

is

is the veneration and reſpect in which the parental character is held, that an inſtance of diſputing its authority is abſolutely unknown. And the ancient Romans even gave parents a right over the lives of their children.

Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator, has written an excellent paper upon the ſubject of filial reſpect, wherein he paints the parental ſolicitude in thoſe natural colours which cannot fail of touching every heart that is not loſt to feelings of tenderneſs, and ſenſations of duty. But, as my memory is ſtored with many hiſtorical facts, in which the virtue of filial tenderneſs, and the barbariſm of its deficiency, are both ſtrongly exemplified, I ſhall relate them for your inſtruction; convinced, at the ſame time, that your own hearts will incline you to imitate the one, and abhor the other.

A Roman lady, of ſome rank, was accuſed of a crime againſt the ſtate, for which ſhe was

tried, and condemned to ſuffer death. The keeper of the priſon, who was ordered to be her executioner, not only felt a great degree of repugnance to the office, but was abſolutely incapable of performing it; yet, aware that his own life depended upon the diſcharge of his duty, he dared not attempt preſerving her exiſtence. Thus circumſtanced, the cruel idea (which yet had compaſſion for its foundation) occurred, of letting her remain without ſuſtenance, knowing that ſhe muſt then die *from want*, and that he ſhould eſcape the pain of becoming her executioner. A man in that ſituation, who could ſhrink from the diſcharge of his duty from motives of humanity, it is natural to ſuppoſe, might eaſily be ſubdued by tenderneſs, and overcome by perſuaſion: and it is no wonder that he yielded to the entreaties of the daughter, and permitted her to viſit her unhappy mother; though he was under the neceſſity of ſearching her, to prevent her being the conveyer of any

kind

kind of nouriſhment. Several days elapſed without any ſtriking alteration in the unfortunate woman's appearance: this circumſtance called forth the keeper's aſtoniſhment ſo much, that he began to imagine the daughter had contrived ſome means of eluding his vigilance, and therefore reſolved to watch them when the daily meeting took place. He did ſo, and beheld a ſight that called forth his pity, and produced his admiration. An affectionate daughter was preſented to his view, lengthening out her parent's exiſtence by that nouriſhment nature had given for the ſupport of her own offspring, and endeavouring to avert the decrees of juſtice by the nutricious qualities of the milk of tenderneſs! The humane keeper inſtantly flew to her judges, deſcribed the intereſting ſcene he had beheld, and had the happineſs of procuring a pardon for the unfortunate offender. The ſenate were ſo ſtruck with this inſtance of amiable tenderneſs, that they ordered a temple to be erected to filial

piety on the ſpot where the priſon ſtood, and both mother and daughter to be maintained at the public expence.

A ſimilar inſtance to the one I have related is recorded in the Grecian hiſtory, with this ſingle difference, that Euphraſia (which was the name of the Grecian heroine) ſuſtained her *father* by the ſame nouriſhment which the amiable Roman had ſupported her *mother*.

At the ſiege of Troy, when every perſon was attempting to reſcue their property from the fury of the flames, Æneas, the amiable ſon of Anchiſes, conſidering an aged parent the greateſt treaſure he poſſeſſed, placed him upon his ſhoulders, and, whilſt others were bending under the weight of their riches and poſſeſſions, he triumphantly paſſed the gates of the city, exulting in the idea of having preſerved the life of him to whom he was indebted for exiſtence.

Many

Many years ago mount Ætna raged with ſuch dreadful violence, that it was apprehended all the hamlets within its vicinity would be deſtroyed by the torrents of lava that it poured forth. The wretched inhabitants, terrified at the proſpect of the approaching danger, ſecured their little property, and fled from a ſcene of ſuch devaſtation and horror. Amidſt the number of thoſe who preſerved their treaſures, and eſcaped the threatened danger, were two brothers, whoſe names were Anapias and Amphinomus; who, inſtead of attempting to ſecure wealth, or protect property, thoſe amiable youths thought only of preſerving the lives of the authors of their being; and one taking their father, and the other their mother, on their ſhoulders, fled with them to a place of ſafety.

Filial tenderneſs is a ſentiment ſo ſtrongly implanted in the breaſts of thoſe whoſe hearts are particularly open to impreſſions of tender-

neſs, that even cruelty and unkindneſs has ſometimes been unable to eradicate it. A remarkable inſtance of the truth of this obſervation is recorded in the Roman hiſtory.

T. Manlius had from his infancy been treated by his father with a degree of inhuman ſeverity; and when he arrived at the age of manhood, was even baniſhed from his preſence, without being conſcious of having committed a fault. During the period of his eſtrangement from his parental abode, report whiſpered that the tribune of the people intended proſecuting his father for illegal practices. Forgetful of his own injuries, and ſolicitous to ſave his father from the miſery of a public diſgrace, he inſtantly flew to the tribune's houſe, and ſoliciting a private andience, preſented a dagger to the breaſt of the aſtoniſhed magiſtrate, and at the ſame time demanded him immediately to ſwear he would not proſecute his father, or elſe ex-

pect

pect to receive the weapon in his own boſom. The tribune, unable to make any terms, and ſtruck with the heroic proof of filial affection, took the oath that was extorted, and ever after became the young man's friend.

A gentleman of Sweden, who had for many years filled one of the higheſt offices in the ſtate with credit and reſpectability, was at length accuſed of ſuch illegal practices as demanded public ſcrutiny, and occaſioned his condemnation. His ſon, a young man of nineteen, was at that period abſent from Sweden, but being informed of his father's diſgrace, and the puniſhment that awaited him, he travelled poſt, until he arrived at the houſe of the magiſtrate who had condemned his father, and throwing himſelf at his feet in an agony of grief, beſought him to accept *his life* as a ranſom for his father's! The judge, ſtruck with ſuch a proof of filial tenderneſs, immediately ſent an account

of it to the king, who inſtantly ordered the father to be pardoned, and a title of nobility to be conferred upon the ſon. The humane judge, pleaſed at the opportunity of conferring happineſs, went to the young man's houſe, and, after imparting the joyful intelligence of his father's pardon, ſaluted him by the title the king had beſtowed. Grateful for the preſervation of a life that was dearer than his own, the exalted young man expreſſed his joy in terms that evinced its ſincerity; but that honour which would have been ſo flattering to a leſs noble mind he modeſtly declined, ſaying, he thought it would be a means of perpetuating his father's diſgrace, which he was anxious ſhould be buried in oblivion. This uncommon inſtance of refined delicacy was ſo pleaſing to the king, that he ſent for him into his preſence, and beſtowed upon him the applauſe he deſerved, and made him his confidential ſecretary.

A young

A young Athenian, whoſe name was Cimon, voluntarily ſurrendered himſelf a priſoner to redeem his father's body for burial, who had died during the time of his confinement for debt; and though Athens was allowed to be the encourager of arts, and the rewarder of noble actions, *that filial ſon* was neglected by the ſtate.

When Sir Thomas Moore, the great lord chancellor of England, was ſent to the tower for oppoſing the meaſures of that tyrant Henry the Eighth, his daughter, the amiable Mrs. Roper, forced her way through the guards that attended him, and throwing her arms round the neck of her unhappy parent, broke out into ſuch agonizing expreſſions of tenderneſs and ſorrow, as abſolutely produced tears from the ſurrounding multitude: and when the fatal moment arrived that for ever robbed her of a father's love, her anguiſh had nearly proved fatal to her

exiſtence. By great intereſt ſhe obtained permiſſion to bury the body; but the head remained fourteen days upon London Bridge, and was with much difficulty then purchaſed, and incloſed in a ſmall leaden box, which ſhe preſerved with the moſt pious care, and when ſhe died it was buried in her arms.

The Counteſs of Pembroke, whoſe hiſtory has been recorded by a very able writer, has rendered her name no leſs immortal by her filial piety, than by her ſuperior underſtanding and exalted virtues. A remarkable inſtance of her attachment to her mother is related by the author above alluded to.

The laſt parting which took place between the counteſs and her mother made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon her mind, that ſhe had an elegant marble pillar raiſed upon the ſpot in commemoration of it; and at her death left a certain

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ſum of money to be paid the poor of the pariſh of Broughton for ever on the anniverſary of that day.

In the ſacred hiſtory there is a very beautiful deſcription of a young woman's duty and affection to her huſband's mother, which met with that reward that generally attends virtuous actions in *this life*, but which they are certain of meeting with in the *next*.

Naomi (which was the name of the mother) had, by the ſeverity of a famine in Bethlehem, been driven into a foreign country with her huſband and two ſons, but had not long been ſettled there, when death deprived her of the affection of a huſband, and the tender aſſiduity of her children. One of the young men had married a beautiful girl, whoſe name was Ruth, who, upon the death of her huſband, devoted her time to relieving the cares, and ſoothing the

afflictions, of her mother-in-law; and when ſhe propoſed returning into her own country, reſolved to follow her, thinking an old woman incapable of undertaking ſo long a journey without ſome one to ſupport and protect her. It was in vain that Naomi endeavoured to diſſuade the amiable Ruth from following the miſeries of an unfortunate old woman, for a ſenſe of duty made her reſolute; and the deſire of promoting her mother's happineſs rendered her inflexible. When Naomi arrived in Bethlehem, ſhe had the misfortune of hearing many of her relations were dead, and that the eſtate of her huſband was in the poſſeſſion of a ſtranger. Thus miſerably ſituated, ſhe was obliged to depend upon the exertions of her amiable daughter for the common ſuſtenance nature required. It happened to be in the time of harveſt, and Ruth daily gleaned in the fields of a man of fortune, who was a diſtant relation of her deceaſed huſband. Boaz accidentally

ſaw

ſaw her at this menial employment, and, charmed with the native lovelineſs of her appearance, made enquiries into her circumſtances and connections; and the moment he was informed of her tender behaviour to her aged mother, he was ſo ſtruck with the delicacy of it, that he reſolved to make her an offer of his hand; and the amiable Ruth had by that means the power of raiſing the unfortunate Naomi from poverty, and ſupporting her in affluence.

If the actions which I have now related have inſpired your breaſts with ſenſations of pleaſure, thoſe which I am going to record muſt produce an effect directly contrary; and your minds will be ſtruck with horror at the relation of circumſtances that diſgrace human nature, and ſhock humanity.

In the two hundred and twentieth year of Rome, Tullia, the wife of Tarquin, and daugh-

ter

ter of Severus the king, had the inhumanity not only to approve her huſband's intentions of dethroning her father, but abſolutely perſuaded him to embrue his hands in his blood. And when Tarquin had baſely dragged him from the regal ſeat, and aſſiſted at his murder, ſhe was the firſt to enter the forum, and ſalute her huſband by the title of king. Then mounting her chariot in triumph, ſhe deſired to be driven to her late father's palace. In one of the ſtreets, through which the carriage paſſed, the murderers had left the body of the unfortunate king, which the charioteer perceiving, was ſtruck with horror at the ſight, checked his horſes, and was unable to proceed. "Why do you not go on?" cried the inhuman Tullia. "What ſtops you?" "The body of the king, your father," replied the man; "which I muſt drive over if I proceed." "Drive on, then," ſhe exclaimed in a rage; "and do not be afraid of a dead body:" and ſnatching up a ſtool that ſtood at the bottom

of

of the carriage, threw it at his head. The coachman obeyed the order, and the wheels of the chariot were ſtained with her father's blood!

Amidſt the various misfortunes which Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, had to encounter, none affect a feeling mind with more tenderneſs than thoſe which he endured from the turbulent and ungovernable ſpirit of his ſon, who was afterwards Henry the Fifth. That young man not only refuſed all ſubmiſſion to parental authority, but abſolutely united with his father's enemies, and forced the ſceptre from the hands of one of the moſt amiable princes that ever ſwayed it!

The unfortunate emperor, reduced to the moſt abject ſtate of poverty by the intrigues of his ſon, and the oppreſſion of the pope, wrote to the former, imploring his permiſſion to retire to Liege, that he might no longer be compelled

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to wander about in ſearch of a reſting place in a country that had once owned him for its lawful ſovereign, and where he once might have commanded any part of its poſſeſſions. This ſupplicating epiſtle was wholly unattended to, and the unfortunate prince was reduced to the utmoſt extremity of poverty and wretchedneſs. In this forlorn ſituation he applied to the citizens of Cologne for relief, who, compaſſionating his miſery, inſtantly raiſed a body of troops, in order to enable him to reinſtate himſelf in his dominions; but the unhappy prince, worn out by the ſeverity of his misfortunes, was unable to avail himſelf of their friendly intentions towards him. His ſpirits forſook him, his health declined, and in the fifty-ſixth year of his age he fell a victim to the barbariſm of his ſon. That inhuman murderer, loſt to the ſentiments of humanity, and dead to thoſe of nature, not contented with having ſhortened the exiſtence of his father, continued his perſecu-

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tions even beyond the grave; for when he was informed that the emperor's body had been interred in an elegant ſepulchre, he commanded it to be dragged out, and thrown naked into an open vault, where it remained uncovered five years.

When the Roman emperor Valerian, and his amiable wife Mariniana, were made captives by Sapor, king of Perſia, the inhuman cruelty with which they were treated, had ſuch an effect upon the health and ſpirits of the empreſs, that death ſoon relieved her from captivity. When the nobility went to pay their viſits of condolence to Gallian, Valerian's ſon, who was left guardian of the empire, he received them with the utmoſt unconcern; and, upon expreſſing their regret for the misfortunes that had attended the emperor and empreſs, he replied, with perfect coolneſs, "they were mortal, and therefore liable to misfortunes as well as others:" and,

inſtead

inſtead of taking any pains to procure his father's deliverance, he paſſed his days in riot, and his nights in debauchery.

The emperor Nero had ſeveral times (but in vain) attempted poiſoning his mother Agrippina. At length he reſolved to have a veſſel made with looſe planks, ſupported by bolts, that were ſo contrived, as to be unfaſtened at the pleaſure of thoſe who would undertake the perpetration of the inhuman plan he ſuggeſted. Vice, ſupported by the aid of wealth and power, has little difficulty in finding tools ready to execute its deſigns; and Nero eaſily perſuaded ſome of his aſſociates to aſſiſt him in the inhuman plot. The empreſs, unſuſpicious of her ſon's intentions, conſented to go on board the veſſel; the fatal bolts were ſoon undrawn, and ſhe was precipitated into the ſea. At that moment a ſhip appeared, the captain of which perceiving her ſituation, ſent out his boat, and ſaved her life.

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Her ſon hearing of the failure of his diabolical plan, inſtantly became frantic with rage and diſappointment, and, unable to diſguiſe his feelings, ſent for Amicetus, an officer of the guards, and commanded him immediately to go and put his mother to death. The moment the unhappy empreſs ſaw him enter the room attended by a party of his ſoldiers, ſhe ſuſpected his inhuman deſign, and pointing to her ſtomach, ſaid, "Strike firſt *here;* for it *gave birth to a monſter.*"





FRATERNAL AND SISTERLY LOVE.

SENTIMENTS.

We are all members of one great body; and tenderneſs, juſtice, and equity, ought to be the foundation that ſupports it.

Human ſociety reſembles an arch of ſtone: all would fall to the ground, if one piece did not ſupport the other.

Of all the felicities attached to human nature, that of a firm and tender friendſh p ranks the firſt: it ſweetens cares, diſpels ſorrows, and is an antidote againſt the ſevereſt calamities. *Seneca.*

TO ſtrengthen the bonds of nature, and cement the ties of affection, I conſider as one of the ſtrongeſt duties a parent has to perform. How lovely and intereſting a ſight is it

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to behold a family mutually endeavouring to excel each other in the practice of tenderneſs, and in acts of affection, participating in each others joys, and leſſening, by kindneſs, each others ſorrows! The friendſhips of the world are often formed upon the baſis of intereſt, and the ſtructure of expectation: deſtroy either, and it falls to the ground. But the friendſhip which exiſts between brothers and ſiſters can have no ſuch degrading principle for its foundation: no ſeparate intereſt can weaken their attachment, no diſappointed hope can leſſen their tenderneſs; what promotes the happineſs of one, increaſes that of the other: and the ſorrows that gain admittance into the breaſt of either, bear an equal participation.

Thus, my beloved children, finding yourſelves linked together by the chain of nature, how greatly does it behove you to ſtrengthen the tender bond, and, by mutual offices of kindneſs and affection,

affection, render it invulnerable to the attacks of the intereſted, and the attempts of the artful! I ſhall now produce ſome examples of thoſe who, by the practice of tenderneſs and affection, have rendered their characters reſpectable in the opinion of poſterity; and of others who, from a deficiency in thoſe amiable qualities, have entailed a diſgrace upon their names, which *time itſelf* is unable to eradicate.

When the emperor Theodoſius aſcended the regal throne, he was not of an age to take the adminiſtration of affairs into his own hands; but, inſtead of appointing governors to direct the actions of the youthful monarch, his ſiſter Pulcheria (though but a few years older than himſelf) was permitted not only to take the charge of the empire into her own hands, but was conſulted upon all matters of importance to the ſtate. When Theodoſius was old enough to take an active part in the government, he never

never tranſacted any buſineſs of moment without the concurrence and advice of his ſiſter; and all hiſtorians agree in aſcribing the great qualities which adorned his character to the prevailing influence of Pulcheria's example.

Eudoſia, the daughter of Heraclitus, an Athenian philoſopher, was, by her father's will, left joint ſharer of his eſtate with her two brothers; but, inſtead of their fulfilling the deſire of their deceaſed parent, and endeavouring to conſole their ſiſter for the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained, they not only treated her with ſtudied neglect, but refuſed her the ſmalleſt ſhare of that property which was by right her own.

Heraclitus had taken uncommon pains in his daughter's education; he had informed her underſtanding, embelliſhed her mind, and refined her manners. Poſſeſſed of advantages far ſuperior to wealth, ſhe left Athens, and going to Conſtantinople,

Conſtantinople, was introduced to Pulcheria, the emperor's ſiſter, to whom ſhe related the ſituation of her affairs, and from whom ſhe ſolicited redreſs. Pulcheria, ſtruck with the delicacy of her ſentiments, and the poliſh of her mind, inſtantly felt intereſted in her affairs; and, upon a more intimate acquaintance, diſcovered that ſhe was poſſeſſed of ſuch admirable qualifications, that ſhe perſuaded Theodoſius to make her his wife. The moment her brothers heard of this unexpected turn in her affairs, they trembled at the recollection of their paſt conduct, and, dreading that vengeance they deſerved, left their eſtate, and fled from Athens. Eudoſia, with a generoſity that is always attendant upon true greatneſs, felt the utmoſt concern at the terror ſhe had unintentionally inſpired, and, after taking every means in her power to convince them of her tenderneſs, at length prevailed with them to appear at Conſtantinople; and, after embracing them with

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the utmoſt affection, raiſed them to ſome of the firſt employments about the court.

Anna Commena, daughter to the emperor Alexias, was indefatigable in her endeavours to perſuade her father to appoint her huſband his ſucceſſor, and exclude a brother who had always treated her with the moſt unbounded affection: but though the emperor loved her with a tenderneſs ſhe did not merit, yet he could not be perſuaded to act with injuſtice to a ſon who had never offended him; and, at his death, John was proclaimed emperor. That amiable prince was informed, by ſome of his courtiers, of his ſiſter's attempts to deprive him of the empire; but his heart was too noble to harbour reſentment, or to retain a ſenſe of injuries; and, with a generoſity that was truly admirable, he not only avoided naming her former conduct, but loaded her with favours that evinced his affection: but her heart was too callous to be

ſubdued by kindneſs, and ſhe actually headed a conſpiracy to dethrone him!

Upon the diſcovery of this iniquitous plot, the emperor immediately ordered her into confinement; but, upon her writing him a penetential letter, and expreſſing her contrition for her paſt conduct, he not only forgave her crime, but reſtored her to the poſſeſſion of his favour and affection.

A Portugueſe veſſel having for many hours encountered the fury of a violent ſtorm, at length ſtruck upon a rock. The love of life is a natural impreſſion; and the hope of preſerving it induced part of the crew to jump into the boat: but their ſituation was ſo perilous when they entered it, that they had not time to make preparations for their future ſupport; and a few biſcuits, and a little marmalade, was all the ſuſtenance they ſecured for nature. Five days

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they encountered the fury of the elements, and endured the preſſing call of hunger; and as their little ſtock of proviſion was juſt exhauſted, they determined upon throwing one of their companions overboard, that his ſhare of food might be divided amongſt the reſt. The idea was dreadful; but their ſituation demanded the ſad alternative, and a lot was to decide who was to be the unfortunate victim. It fell upon a merchant who had a wife and ſeveral children that depended upon his exertion for their ſupport, and who by his death would become deſtitute of the means of ſubſiſtence. The merchant had a brother with him, a youth about eighteen years of age, who feeling for their diſtreſs, and being incapable of beholding a brother whom he fondly loved fall a ſacrifice to neceſſity, offered his life to redeem one he thought more valuable! The merchant, ſtruck with the youth's generoſity, and finding his affection increaſed by the proof he had given of it, ſtrenuouſly refuſed the

noble offer: but the young man painted in ſuch glowing colours the agonizing ſenſations of his brother's wife, and the miſery of his children, that at length he was induced to accept the offered ranſom; and, after taking a moſt tender farewell of his brother, the gallant youth was precipitated into the ſea! Whether the near approach of death was the means of endearing life, or whether he repented having given ſo ſtrong an inſtance of fraternal love, I cannot pretend to ſay, but he ſwam after the boat, called to the rowers, and at length caught hold of the rudder. One of the crew, whoſe heart was dead to humanity, and whoſe breaſt was a ſtranger to compaſſion, ſnatched up a hatchet, and aiming a blow at the extended arm, ſevered the hand from the body! Agonized by torture, yet deſperate by deſpair, the miſerable youth purſued the veſſel, and with his other hand attempted to ſave his life. The inhuman monſter, who had ſtruck *one deciſive blow*, now aimed a

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ſecond, and with the ſame ſucceſs; and the hapleſs youth was ſeen ſtruggling againſt the waves with the ſtumps of thoſe unfortunate limbs his barbarity had robbed him of. At that moving ſpectacle humanity ſhuddered, and all the crew endeavoured to ſave his life. He was taken into the veſſel, the bleeding limbs bound up, and each man offered his little ſhare of food. The rowers continued at their labour, and a few hours after they were bleſt with the ſight of land. A Portugueſe veſſel ſoon appeared, took them on board, and conveyed them to Liſbon; where the amiable young man's wounds were dreſſed, his filial piety applauded, and his perſon viewed with abſolute veneration!

Eumenes, an Aſiatic monarch, being engaged in a war with the Perſians, and a report having been ſpread that he was killed, his brother Attalus, without enquiring into the truth of it, aſcended the throne, and married his brother's

wife; but in a ſhort time was informed Eumenes was not only alive, but returning victorious to take poſſeſſion of his kingdom. Alarmed at this intelligence, and apprehenſive of encountering his brother's reſentment, he dreaded the ſight of a man whom he had injured: but the generous Eumenes diſcovered no ſymptoms of anger, when his brother, accompanied by all the men of conſequence, went out to meet him, and congratulate him upon his ſafety; and only whiſpered in his ear, that he ſhould not have married another man's wife, before he had aſſured himſelf her former huſband had been dead.

Cato, the Roman cenſor, was ſo remarkably attached to his brother Cæpes, that, from the earlieſt days of childhood, he could never bear to be ſeparated from him: and Plutarch, in his life of that great man, obſerves, that they were ſcarcely ever ſeen aſunder: and when death de-

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prived him of his loved companion, he felt the blow as the greateſt misfortune that could have befallen him.

Titus, the Roman emperor, one of the greateſt men that ever adorned a throne, though he was informed that his brother Domitian had endeavoured to perſuade the army to rebel againſt him, yet always treated him with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and with tears of regret would often ſolicit a return of that affection which he felt in ſo unbounded a degree towards his unworthy relation.

In the conduct of Timoleon, a Corinthian officer, you will find another charming inſtance of fraternal affection. Timoleon and his brother were both engaged in the ſame battle, and the fortune of war was unfavourable to both. Timoleon received a dreadful wound, but, ſmarting under the anguiſh, had the misfortune

to ſee his brother fall! Unmindful of his own torture, he flew to the ſpot, and beheld a ſight that called forth all his tenderneſs; a brother, whom he fondly loved, ſtretched bleeding on the ground, and no longer ſenſible of his ſorrow, or capable of returning his unbounded affection! Inſtantly he ſpread his ſhield over the lifeleſs form, and, dead to a ſcene of his own ſufferings, protected it from inſult and plunder, until ſome of his friends appeared, who, ſtruck with the greatneſs of the action, carried the body from the field, and then ſupported the amiable Timoleon to his tent.

Theſe inſtances of brotherly love, which have been related by ſome of the ableſt hiſtorians, are ſufficiently numerous to convince you that fraternal affection adds luſtre to the greateſt characters, and that the virtuous have always conſidered the ties of conſanguinity as demands upon affection, and claims upon tenderneſs;

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but it has always been found, that great virtues, and great vices, have embelliſhed and deformed each ſucceeding age; and I ſhall now preſent to your view a few characters that come under the deſcription of the latter. You will now behold affection ſacrificed to intereſt, tenderneſs ſupplanted by envy, and cruelty ſubſtituted in the place of benevolence.

I ſhall begin with a ſtory from the ſacred writings, which, though it muſt frequently have met your eye, poſſibly might not have made a deep impreſſion upon your minds.

Joſeph, the youngeſt but one of Jacob's twelve ſons, was endowed by nature with a ſuperiority of underſtanding, and a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, that enſured him the love and eſteem of all his friends. The filial reſpect he paid his aged father, and the tender ſolicitude he conſtantly evinced for his happineſs, naturally im-

preſſed the old man's heart with a greater degree of tenderneſs towards him than his other children; and, deſirous of evincing this favourable impreſſion, he bought him a very beautiful variegated coat, (which in thoſe days was thought faſhionable,) without purchaſing his other ſons one like it. This circumſtance, united to ſome extraordinary dreams, which ſeemed to foretel Joſeph's future greatneſs, inſpired his brothers with ſuch a malevolent hatred againſt him, that they reſolved to become his murderers. However, one of them, who poſſeſſed more humanity than the reſt, diſſuaded them from this barbarous deſign; and, inſtead of murdering him, they ſold him for a ſlave to ſome merchants who lived in a diſtant country. But, as the favour of heaven always attends thoſe who merit it, Joſeph was, by the hand of Providence, raiſed from the degrading ſituation of a ſlave to be the governor of Egypt; and in that ſtation, inſtead of puniſhing his brothers'

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for their inhuman conduct, he treated them with the greateſt kindneſs, ſent for them into Egypt, and gave them ſome of the moſt valuable eſtates in that country.

Boleſlaus, king of Poland, was one of thoſe unfortunate characters who ſuffer their paſſions to acquire an aſcendency over their principles; and, upon his brother Staniſlaus, biſhop of Cracovia, venturing to admoniſh him upon the impropriety of his conduct, he gave way to one of his paroxyſms of fury, in which he terminated his brother's exiſtence; but being unable to ſupport the torture of reflection, and the pangs of remorſe, he ſoon after became a ſelf-murderer.

Amidſt the numberleſs acts of inhumanity that diſgraced the character of Queen Mary, that to her ſiſter Elizabeth is a ſtriking proof of the innate cruelty of her diſpoſition.

Wholly forgetful of the relationſhip between them, ſhe was not ſatisfied with having her treated with inſolence and ſcorn during her impriſonment, (for no fault,) but actually wiſhed to find a pretence for taking away her life; and had not her huſband inſiſted upon her ſiſter's enlargement, in all probability ſhe would have accompliſhed her deteſtable deſign.





ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

SENTIMENTS.

If the mind is well cultivated, it produces a ſtore of fruit: if neglected, it is overrun with weeds.

A wiſe man carries all his treaſure within himſelf. What Fortune gives, ſhe may take away: but a wiſe man does not depend upon her mercy, and is therefore beyond her reach. *Seneca.*

THERE are many prejudices entertained againſt the character of a *learned lady*; and, perhaps, if *all ladies* were profoundly learned, many inconveniences might ariſe from it. But

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it does not appear to me that a woman will be rendered leſs acceptable in the world, or worſe qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, by having employed her time from ſix to ſixteen in the cultivation of her underſtanding. The literary education of women ought indiſputably to be varied according to their fortunes and expectations. Much refinement, and too great taſte for reading, will injure her whoſe time, from prudential motives, muſt be engroſſed by economy. Few women are indeed entirely exempted from domeſtic cares; yet the opulent and unmarried have many intervals which ought to be devoted to improvement; and wherever a young lady of fortune appears to poſſeſs a genius and inclination for learned purſuits, ſhe ought to be permitted to indulge it: for the mind of a female is certainly as capable of acquiring knowledge as that of the other ſex; and the inſtances which I ſhall inſert will poſſibly prove the validity of this opinion, and will be ſuffi-

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cient to confute thoſe authors who have taken ſo much pains to depreciate the capability of a female underſtanding. But if an enlightened mind muſt conſequently be a conceited one, I ſhould be a ſtrenuous advocate for your remaining in ignorance. Or ſhould I, by endeavouring to improve your underſtandings, attract your inclinations from the performance of thoſe duties which are peculiarly attached to a female ſtation, I ſhould then have reaſon to lament my having beſtowed the culture, and prefer a barren rock to a flowing mead. But as I dread no ſuch melancholy effect from the improvement of your minds, and flatter myſelf I am laying a foundation for virtue, I ſhall perſevere in the courſe I have began, and preſent to your view ſome examples of female characters, where humility is attached to *greatneſs*, gentleneſs to refinement, and genuine piety to ſcientific knowledge.

Calphurnia,

Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Cæſar, was at once the object of his love and admiration. Her wit amuſed, her underſtanding charmed, and her ſweetneſs captivated the conqueror of the world. Her mind had been cultivated with the niceſt care, and her manners were formed upon the moſt perfect model. Anxious to promote the happineſs of her people, ſhe in fact became their idol; and it is difficult to ſay whether ſhe was moſt venerated, loved, or eſteemed!

Plautina, wife to the emperor Trajan, was as much celebrated for the ſweetneſs of her manners, as ſhe was for the ſolidity of her judgment, and the refinement of her underſtanding; and ſo thoroughly was the emperor acquainted with the capability of her intellectual powers, that he always conſulted her upon *affairs of importance:* yet this flattering compliment to her abilities neither filled her with pride, or puffed her up with preſumption; for her

her humility was equal to her penetration, and her affability to her judgment: and ſo great was the aſcendency ſhe obtained over the emperor, that hiſtorians aſcribe many of his noble acts to the influence of her virtues.

Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was a woman in whom were united great talents, exalted virtues, and refined delicacy. Her perfections were founded on an innate principle of virtue, which withſtood the pernicious effects of bad example; for her mother's character was as much diſgraced by cenſure, as her own was adorned *with praiſe.*

The Tartarian hiſtorians who are loudeſt in the praiſe of Tarmujin's virtues, unanimouſly aſcribe them to his mother's influence. The tender age of that young prince at the death of his father, induced ſeveral of his tribes to place themſelves under the protection of more expe-

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rienced chiefs; but by the able conduct of his ſurviving parent, they were ſoon recalled to a ſenſe of duty; and thoſe who were deaf to the voice of perſuaſion, were compelled by the aid of force; for the young prince, by the advice of his mother, aſſembled his army, collected his forces, and, headed by his female general, eaſily conquered thoſe who had been diſaffected.

Amidſt the various failings that diſgraced the character of Henry the Eighth, that of inattention to his childrens' education was certainly not one of the number; and the Princeſs Elizabeth was known to have been put under the tuition of ſome of the moſt learned men of the age in which ſhe lived. Her abilities were of that tranſcendant kind, as rather to aſtoniſh than to conciliate; and we find more to *admire* than to love in her character.

Sir

Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chancellor of England, whoſe name I have before had occaſion to mention, beſtowed not only a liberal, but a learned, education upon his three daughters; and they were all completely verſed both in the Latin and Greek languages; yet I never heard thoſe acquirements gave them a diſreliſh for domeſtic occupations; on the contrary, their biographer repreſents them as dutiful daughters, affectionate ſiſters, tender wives, and amiable friends.

The ſixteenth century has been agreed by all authors to have been peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by female excellence: It was at that period as much the faſhion for men of fortune to give their daughters a *learned education*, as it is now the taſte to give them a *polite* one: and amongſt the number of thoſe who might pride themſelves upon their childrens' abilities, was Sir Anthony Cooke, one of the learned tutors to

King

King Edward the Sixth, who not only engaged the moſt able maſters of the age to inſtruct his children in the learned languages, but devoted all his leiſure hours to their advantage and improvement. The eldeſt, who afterwards married Lord Burleigh, was ſo great a proficient in the Greek language, that ſhe wrote a moſt elegant letter in it upon preſenting a Hebrew bible to the public library at Cambridge. His ſecond daughter was united to Sir Nicholas Bacon, and, if poſſible, tranſcended her ſiſter both in virtue and abilities; and to the aſcendency of her example, and the efficacy of her precepts, hiſtorians have aſcribed the brilliant qualities that adorned her ſons. His third daughter, who had a natural taſte for poetry, at well as ſcience, was married to Lord John Ruſſell; and equally proves that an attention to ſtudy does not unfit the mind for the more important duties of life; for Lady Ruſſel was an excellent wife, a tender mother, and a ſincere friend.

Although

Although education is allowed to have a moſt powerful influence on the youthful mind, yet there have been inſtances where the depravity of nature, and the force of appetite, have predominated over the moſt virtuous education; and where an innate propenſity to vice has defied the power of precept, and the influence of example.

Auguſtus Cæſar was one of the moſt affectionate, and, at the ſame time, the moſt ſolicitous of fathers; and to have heard his daughter applauded for her virtues, or praiſed for her abilities, would have been one of the moſt gratifying ſounds that could have reached his ear. But though Julia was educated with all the delicacy and refinement a parent's care could ſuggeſt, an innate principle of depravity prevented her reaping any advantage from his inſtructions; and her conduct at length became ſo publicly notorious, that he was forced to baniſh her to

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the iſland of Pandeteria, where ſhe languiſhed ſeveral years the miſerable victim of unconquered vice and illicit paſſion.

Olympia, wife of Philip, king of Macedon, had been educated by her parents with the greateſt care, and the fondeſt ſolicitude; but, inſtead of her diſpoſition being ſoftened, and her nature humanized, by the enlargement of her underſtanding, it ſeemed only to have taught her the method of refining upon cruelty, and varying the art of barbarity. Not ſatisfied with employing agents to accompliſh her barbarous deſigns, ſhe inhumanly choſe to witneſs the execution of them; and would frequently proportionate the tortures ſhe inflicted to her opinion of the ſufferer's ability to bear them; that, by lengthening out their miſerable exiſtence, ſhe might have the gratification of beholding a repetition of their agonies. She was herſelf the murdereſs of two of her huſband's children,

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one of whom fled for ſhelter from her fury into the arms of its unhappy mother: but the ſacred repoſitory was not able to arreſt her inhuman hand, or ſave the wretched victim of her reſentment. The dreadful blow was ſtruck, although the diſtracted parent offered her life to ſave that of her child!

Irene, empreſs of Conſtantinople, though ſhe had not had a learned education, yet had received ſuch a one as would have fitted her for the exalted ſtation ſhe was deſtined to fill, had not the propenſities of an over-bearing ſpirit counteracted all the attempts of her parents to render her an amiable character. Though ſhe had always been treated with gentleneſs and kindneſs by her mother, yet, when ſhe bore that endearing name, her breaſt was a total ſtranger to all thoſe tender ſenſations that are uſually connected with it; and, inſtead of treating her ſon Porphyrogenitus with that gentleneſs

which

which would have enſured his affection, ſhe adopted a mode of ſeverity which was rather calculated to inſpire his hatred. As the emperor died when his ſon was only ten years old, Irene took the adminiſtration of public affairs into her own hands; and, delighted at the homage ſhe received in that ſituation, refuſed to relinquiſh it when her ſon was old enough to aſſume it himſelf; and, upon diſcovering that he was endeavouring to form a party of his own, ſhe actually chaſtiſed him with her own hands, and confined him to his apartment. She then compelled him to marry a woman of low origin, although he was tenderly attached to a princeſs to whom he had long been betrothed. At length, finding that the army murmured againſt her authority, and were only inclined to acknowledge Porphyrogenitus for their ſovereign, ſhe procured ſome aſſaſſins to inhumanly murder the young prince as he was returning to Conſtantinople unattended by his guards.

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An inhuman parent is certainly the greateſt monſter in the creation, and is an abſolute contradiction to the very law of nature, which even inſpires the brutes with ſenſations of love and tenderneſs for their offspring! Yet hiſtory has handed down to poſterity a few inſtances of ſuch degeneracy, to prove how completely depraved human nature can be, when left to the dominion of its own paſſions, and the entire guidance of its vicious propenſities.

Cleopatra, widow of Demetrius, king of Syria, having aſſumed the reins of government during the minority of her ſon Seleucus, was ſo exaſperated with him for attempting to diminiſh her authority, by taking them into his own hands, that, in a fit of rage and fury, ſhe plunged a dagger into his boſom, to ſecure herſelf the continuance of her power.

Polydectus, king of Sparta, not knowing that his queen was pregnant, ordained that his brother Lycurgus ſhould become his ſucceſſor. The queen, who had long felt a criminal attachment for that great lawgiver, upon the death of her huſband, informed him of her ſituation, offering to kill the child, if he would conſent to marry her. Lycurgus, ſhocked at this proof of parental inhumanity, yet fearful of offending a woman capable of it, diſguiſed his real intentions, and amuſed her with profeſſions of his regard until the birth of the child, when, taking it from its cruel mother, he preſented it to the nobles as their future king, and reſigned his claim to that title.

I have mentioned theſe inſtances of parental barbarity, to prove the neceſſity there is for endeavouring to ſubdue the paſſions, and to form the principles; for if parents can be forgetful of the duties they owe their children, how much

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more likely is it that children ſhould become forgetful of the duty they owe their parents! But human nature is compoſed of ſuch fragile materials, that the moſt cautious conduct cannot preſerve it free from blemiſhes; and ſo prone is it to error, and ſo liable to failing, that it is impoſſible to *attain perfection:* yet, where the paſſions are under the guidance of principle, and a virtuous intention inſpires the conduct, vice can never find admiſſion into the heart, nor depravity corrupt it by its baneful influence.





FORTITUDE.

SENTIMENTS.

To know how to ſupport adverſity, is to deſerve proſperity. Afflictions are ſent for the exerciſe of virtue.

We are all ſurrounded and beſet with evils; and as they cannot be avoided, the mind ought to be prepared for encountering them. *Seneca.*

THERE are many things that are termed evils, which often turn out to the advantage of thoſe that ſuffer them; but as they are appointments of heaven, they ought always to be

be ſupported with reſignation and fortitude. Life has ever been conſidered as a ſtate of uncertainty, full of viciſſitudes, anxieties, and fears. The faireſt proſpects may be ſuddenly overſhadowed, and the brighteſt ſunſhine obſcured by clouds of darkneſs.

As you are placed in a ſtate ſo full of variety, and as pleaſure is allowed to be ſo tranſitory, how neceſſary is it that you ſhould endeavour to arm yourſelves againſt the approaches of misfortune, that you may riſe ſuperior to its attacks! A virtuous mind, ſtruggling with affliction, has reſources in itſelf, which the vicious are unacquainted with; and ſupports, which they can never expect to receive. In proſperity they neglect their Maker, and in adverſity they dare not hope for his aſſiſtance; they therefore ſink under calamity, and tremble at the approach of diſtreſs.

Thoſe writers who have wiſhed to exalt the abilities of their own ſex, by depreciating the mental faculties of ours, have endeavoured to prove, that the female mind is neither calculated for ſuſtaining misfortunes with reſignation, or calamities with fortitude; imagining there muſt be a natural connection between delicacy of body and weakneſs of mind. Though ſoftneſs and ſenſibility are certainly the characteriſtics of our ſex, yet thoſe amiable qualities are often united with a firmneſs to endure, and a capability to ſuſtain, the greateſt hardſhips: and hiſtory records many inſtances wherein femenine fortitude has not only learned to endure calamity, but to deſpiſe exiſtence; of which the following are ſtriking examples.

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, wife of Cæcinna Pœtus, was an illuſtrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection. It happened that her huſband, and only

only ſon, were both attacked with a violent and dangerous indiſpoſition. The young man was endowed with every quality of mind and perſon that could endear him to a parent's heart, and render his loſs one of the ſevereſt misfortunes it could ſuſtain: but the unhappy mother was not only doomed to encounter it, but compelled to wear a ſmiling countenance when her heart was labouring under the moſt agonizing affliction; for had Pœtus known the calamity that had befallen him, in all probability it would have been fatal to his own exiſtence; and whenever he enquired after the ſituation of his ſon, ſhe endeavoured to quiet his anxiety by the pious deception of ſaying he was better; though, upon thoſe occaſions, ſhe was always obliged to find ſome pretence for leaving the apartment, to hide her emotions, and diſguiſe her tears; and would then return with a countenance compoſed by reſignation, and a mind ſupported by fortitude!

Some time after the misfortune of having loſt his ſon, Pœtus was apprehended for having eſpouſed the cauſe of Camillus Scribeninanus, governor of Dalmatia, who had raiſed an army with an intent of depoſing the emperor. When the guards were going to conduct him from Dalmatia to Rome, Arria beſought their permiſſion to be admitted into the ſame ſhip; and, upon their inhumanly refuſing her requeſt, ſhe hired a ſmall fiſhing boat, and, unmindful of the danger that attended the undertaking, boldly ventured to follow the ſhip, and then obtained the emperor's permiſſion to accompany the object of her affection to the dreary dungeon that was prepared for him, where, by acts of tenderneſs, and proofs of affection, ſhe endeavoured to make him forget his misfortunes. Whether it was the tenderneſs that Pœtus bore to the amiable Arria, or that death by the hand of an executioner appeared armed with an increaſe of terrors, I cannot pretend to ſay, but

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his mind ſunk under his misfortunes, and all the exertions of Arria, to raiſe and ſupport it, proved ineffectual. The day before that fixed for his execution, ſhe endeavoured to perſuade him to ſave himſelf the miſery of a public diſgrace, by a voluntary extinction of his own exiſtence; but, finding her arguments fail, and that her huſband's reſolution was not equal to her own, ſhe drew a dagger from under her robe, plunged it into her breaſt, and drawing it inſtantly out, preſented it to him with a ſmile, ſaying, "*It is not painful*, my Pœtus."

When the tyrant Nero had iſſued a warrant for the death of that great philoſopher Seneca, (who had been both his friend and tutor,) his wife Paulina firmly reſolved to die with the object of her affection, and all his arguments to diſſuade her from her fatal purpoſe ſeemed but to ſtrengthen it. At length he reluctantly yielded to her deſire, and their veins were

opened at the ſame time. Paulina undaunted beheld the ſtream of life flowing in a rapid courſe, and appeared to hail the happy moment that would place her beyond the power of a tyrant, and eternally unite her to the huſband of her love. This enlivening reflection was ſoon deſtroyed, by a total inſenſibility pervading her faculties, and a general laſſitude ſeizing her frame. In that ſituation ſhe was removed from the apartment where her huſband was ſtationed, and carried into the air, where her domeſtics (by whom ſhe was adored) reſolved to try and preſerve a life they ſo highly valued; and, after binding up her arms, they forced a reviving cordial into her mouth; and, by perſuaſion and intreaties, at length reconciled her to exiſtence.

Sabinus, a general in the Roman army, having attempted to gain poſſeſſion of the empire, was fruſtrated in his deſigns by the diſcovery of his plan,

plan, and was then forſaken by thoſe very men who had aided his ambitious views. As a high reward was offered for apprehending his perſon, the forlorn Sabinus knew not where to ſecret it; but at length recollecting there was a remote cavern at no great diſtance from his country ſeat, he reſolved to fly thither, in hopes of avoiding the emperor's fury. A ſervant, whoſe fidelity had long been tried, was the only perſon who was privy to his deſign; as his wife Eponia was not with him at the time the treaſon was diſcovered. As ſoon as Sabinus was lodged in a place of ſecurity, the ſervant was ordered to ſet fire to the houſe, that it might be generally imagined his maſter had periſhed in the flames. The plan ſucceeded, and that idea univerſally prevailed. Eponia, who loved her huſband with the moſt unbounded tenderneſs, lamented his loſs with an exceſs of ſorrow that threatened to terminate her own exiſtence; and the faithful ſervant, ſhocked at her altered ap-

pearance, at length revealed the ſecret which had been committed to his truſt. With a heart animated with joy, and glowing with affection, the amiable Eponia flew to the cavern, and in the embraces of the man ſhe loved forgot all her former miſery! It was impoſſible ſhe could reſide conſtantly with him, from an apprehenſion of creating ſuſpicion; but ſhe made frequent excuſes to her friends for abſenting herſelf from Rome, and then, by offices of kindneſs, and proofs of affection, made Sabinus's confinement loſe all its gloomineſs. In this manner ſhe paſſed nine years, and her frequent abſence only then began to create ſuſpicion; her viſits were watched; and the unfortunate Sabinus diſcovered! The wretched Eponia, agonized with fear, and tortured with apprehenſion, inſtantly preſſed through the guards, and, with a child in each hand, threw herſelf at Veſpaſian's feet, and, with all the eloquence of unfeigned ſorrow, beſought him to ſpare the father

ther of her unfortunate children! The emperor appeared moved at the exceſs of her grief, and attempted to conſole it, yet rigidly adhered to the decrees of juſtice; which Eponia perceiving, roſe from her poſture of humiliation, and, after reproaching him with his inhumanity, told him, the affection which had induced her to ſhare her huſband's captivity, now urged her to become the partner of his ſufferings; and though he had the means of taking away their lives, he ſhould not have the power of *ſeparating* them; for one ſepulchre ſhould contain them *both*.

When the Moguls were beſieging Minchew (a Chineſe city) the governor, after a valorous defence, at length found himſelf obliged to yield; but ſending for his wife, he informed her his life muſt fall a ſacrifice to his foes, yet that he had ſecured a place of ſafety for her and her ſons, and a faithful guide would conduct them

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to it; adding, that he was prepared to meet his fate with ſortitude, now he had provided for her ſecurity. After expreſſing her thanks for that inſtance of his affection, ſhe tenderly embraced him, declaring, at the ſame time, that no force ſhould ſeparate them; for as ſhe had ſhared with him the *pleaſures of exiſtence*, ſo would ſhe be his *partner in the pangs of death*.

The prince of Jaſkes having refuſed to pay tribute to the emperor of Perſia, the latter ſent a large body of troops into his province, with orders to take the prince into cuſtody, and bring him into the preſence of his imperial majeſty. The orders were rapidly executed, the prince's perſon ſecured, and the army on their return with the royal captive, when the princeſs of Jaſke's overtook them. She had heard of her huſband's misfortune, and having aſſembled all his troops, put herſelf at their head, and travelled with ſuch aſtoniſhing rapidity, that in

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a few days ſhe came up with the emperor's guards, whom ſhe ſurpriſed when they were ſleeping, and having killed the general, and cut off the greateſt part of his troops, ſhe returned triumphant into Jaſkes, accompanied by her huſband.

In a conteſt between the emperor of Germany and the duke of Bavaria, the latter was obliged, with his followers, to retreat to the caſtle of Wenſburgh, and ſolicit terms of capitulation. The emperor conſented, and a truce was granted for the drawing them up: but the ducheſs of Bavaria, not poſſeſſing an exalted idea of the emperor's honour, prefented herſelf before him, and requeſted that herſelf, and the ladies in her train, might have permiſſion to leave the caſtle with as great a load as each could carry. And Conrade imagining they intended conveying away their jewels and trinkets, politely gave them his permiſſion: but how was his aſtoniſh-

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ment called forth, at beholding them all tottering under the weight of their different huſbands, and ſecuring from his power the choiceſt treaſure they poſſeſſed! It is ſaid that he was ſo affected at the ſpectacle, that he burſt into a flood of tears.

Seneca, in his account of the life of Octavia, ſays, there never was a princeſs more deſerving of happineſs, or one who poſſeſſed ſo ſmall a ſhare of it. Her whole life was one continued ſeaſon of miſery and vexation; and it might be poſitively affirmed, that ſhe died without having taſted *one day of happineſs!* By the artful intrigues of her mother-in-law, ſhe was prevented marrying the man whoſe virtues had made an impreſſion on her youthful heart, and compelled to unite herſelf to one whoſe vices had created her abhorrence. Her beauty was as aſtoniſhing as her wiſdom; and her virtue could only be equalled by her prudence. In a wicked

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and abandoned age, ſurrounded by temptations, and beſet with vices, her conduct was always irreproachable; and though every ſcene of depravity was practiſed in the court, her apartments where the abode of purity, and the receptacle of virtue. Yet theſe perfections were deſtined to be the poſſeſſion of a man who could neither feel their value, or appreciate their worth; and, inſtead of cheriſhing them as a treaſure above all price, he firſt deſpiſed, and then deſtroyed, them! Amidſt the variety of enormities that diſgraced Nero's character, none create a greater degree of abhorrence than his conduct to the amiable and much injured Octavia. So greatly was ſhe beloved, and ſo highly was ſhe venerated, by all ranks of people, that the ſlighteſt murmur from her would have rouſed them againſt the author of her ſufferings: but, inſtead of repining at the indignities ſhe ſuſtained, or attempting to injure her oppreſſor, ſhe ſubmitted with fortitude to the cruelty of her

deſtiny,

deſtiny, and patiently awaited the arrival of that period which would relieve her from the tyranny of an inhuman huſband, who, deſirous of raiſing an abandoned proſtitute to the throne, had the inhumanity to accuſe that virtue which was unſpotted, and that delicacy which calumny could not ſtain! When the moment arrived that power triumphed over principle, and the unhappy Octavia's life was ſacrificed to an unlawful paſſion, ſhe met her fate with the calmneſs of a philoſopher, and the compoſure of a ſaint.

In the examples of fortitude which have been preſented to your view, I have choſen an exalted, rather than a common, ſtation of life, to prove that an exemption from misfortunes is not the lot of humanity; and likewiſe to convince you, that, though a ſplendid ſituation is allowed to enervate the mind, and render it incapable of great exertions, yet, where the principles have been taught firmneſs, and the

paſſions

paſſions ſubſervience, it rather inſpires than deſtroys greatneſs.

When you are admiring the conjugal affection of Arria and Paulina, it is neceſſary you ſhould reflect that the ſame mode of conduct would be diſgraceful in a Chriſtian. To deſpiſe death, or meet it with open arms, was the grand baſis of Roman virtue; and acts of ſuicide were dignified with applauſe: but in this enlightened age, both religion and revelation teach us the heinouſneſs of the crime! To refuſe ſupporting thoſe afflictions which heaven decrees, and to ruſh uninvited into the preſence of an offended God, can only be the action of a madman, or the premeditation of an athieſt.



BEAUTY.

SENTIMENTS.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll.
Charms ſtrike the ſight; but *merit wins* the *ſoul.* *Pope.*

Beauty, as a flowery bloſſom, ſoon fades: but the divine excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of a plant, remain in it when all *thoſe charms* are withered.

ALTHOUGH beauty is allowed to be one of the moſt deſirable, it certainly is one of the moſt dangerous, poſſeſſions that can fall to the lot of females. It lays them open to the malignancy

malignancy of the envious, the artifices of the profligate, and the temptations of the designing; and, unless it is guarded by principle, and defended by prudence, it becomes the destruction of virtue, and the ruin of innocence. Even when adorned with those attractive graces, it has sometimes been the source of the severest misfortunes. A remarkable instance of the truth of this assertion is to be met with in the early part of the History of England, which I shall relate for your amusement, amidst a variety of others, which will convince you that beauty derives its greatest ornament from virtue; and that loveliness, unattended by purity, is both the disgrace and the ruin of its possessor.

The heart of the youthful monarch Edwy was enslaved and captivated by the transcendant charms of the princess Egilve; but as ecclesiastic authority was at that time very powerful in England, it was necessary that he should ob-

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tain the conſent of the clergy before he ventured to eſpouſe his couſin. Whether from pique, propriety, or prejudice, they oppoſed the marriage, it is not eaſy to determine; but the ties of conſanguinity was the reaſon they alledged, and the king was threatened with eccleſiaſtical vengeance if he acted in oppoſition to their decree. It was in vain that this youthful monarch declared the ſtrength of his attachment, and his inability to ſurmount it, or deſcribed the virtues and excellencies of the object who had inſpired it; the fiat was given, and they were inexorable. Exaſperated at their oppoſition, and enraged at their arrogance, the king reſolved to brave their authority, and in an evil hour was united to the object of his love. As ſoon as the enraged biſhops were informed of the meaſure he had adopted, their fury knew no bounds, and ſeducing the ſoldiery from their allegiance, they broke into the apartment of their ſovereign, tore the terrified Egilve from the embraces of

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her lord, and delivering her to the infatuated guards, commanded them to deſtroy with burning irons thoſe charms which had ſubdued their monarch's heart. After this act of inhuman barbarity had been executed, the unfortunate princeſs was ſent over into Ireland, where the account of her injuries, and the affability of her manners, ſoon attracted the affections of the people. Her wounds were healed; and her beauty, though ſlightly obſcured, was by no means effaced. A party of her friends attended her to England; and the proſpect of once more beholding the huſband of her affections rendered her ſuperior to the dread of danger. But, alas! her ſecurity ſoon proved her deſtruction; for her enemies, having received information of her deſign, met her at Glouceſter, and, with an inhumanity that would have diſgraced a ſavage, not only deprived her of her exiſtence, but made her ſuffer the moſt cruel and agonizing death.

Elfrida,

Elfrida, daughter to the earl of Devonſhire, was a woman of ſuch exquiſite beauty, that its fame extended even to young Edgar's court. Being a ſtrong admirer of female beauty, and having at that time no prior attachment, he reſolved to declare himſelf her ſuitor, if ſhe really poſſeſſed thoſe tranſcendant charms which rumour had aſcribed to her. Not chuſing to publiſh his intention until he was convinced it would not be likely to produce repentance, he made a confidant of the earl of Ethelwold, deſiring him to make a pretence for viſiting Elfrida's father, and if he found the young lady as lovely as was reported, declare the honour that was intended her. Anxious to promote his royal maſter's wiſhes, Ethelwold immediately began his journey, and ſoon arrived at the earl of Devonſhire's; but the moment he beheld the fair Elfrida, his fidelity became the ſacrifice of his affection, and, inſtead of promoting his maſter's paſſion, he declared his own!

own! Ethelwold was the known favourite of his ſovereign, and ſuch a man was not likely to meet with a refuſal from the earl of Devonſhire, who not only conſented to the union, but agreed that the marriage ſhould remain private, until the Earl could formally obtain the king's conſent. On his return to court, he informed Edgar, that it muſt have been the high birth and immenſe fortune of the earl of Devonſhire's daughter that had occaſioned the tongue of fame to be ſo loud in the praiſe of her charms, as they were *far inferior* to what he had expected, and by no means ſufficient to attract the king's affection. Edgar, ſatisfied with his favourite's account, entirely relinquiſhed his deſign, and new purſuits obliterated the fair Elfrida from his imagination. Some months had elapſed, when Ethelwold informed his ſovereign, that, though the earl of Devonſhire's daughter was not poſſeſſed of ſufficient charms to render her a deſirable match for a king, yet her immenſe

fortune was ſufficiently attractive to make her an object of deſire to one of his ſubjects, and therefore requeſted his approbation to the alliance. Edgar inſtantly conſented; and Ethelwold *publicly* received the hand which had before been beſtowed upon him *in private*. A thouſand pretences were formed for detaining the lovely bride in the country; for though Ethelwold had been blinded by the exceſs of paſſion before his marriage, he ſoon afterwards began to dread the effects of his ſovereign's diſpleaſure. To become the favourite of a monarch, is a certain method to obtain the diſregard of his courtiers, and Ethelwold felt the truth of the obſervation; for thoſe who envied the favour he poſſeſſed, were anxious to eſtabliſh their own upon his ruin. Edgar was appriſed of his favourite's conduct, and, exaſperated at the idea of having been deprived the poſſeſſion of ſo lovely an object, inſtantly reſolved to have vengeance for the perfidy. Diſguiſing his reſentment, and

ſmothering

ſmothering his rage, he one morning told Ethelwold that he purpoſed going to his caſtle, and paying his compliments to the bride, deſiring him, at the ſame time, to prepare for *their immediate departure*. The affrighted earl, terrified at the apprehenſion of the king's diſpleaſure, yet incapable of forming any plan by which he could avoid it, requeſted permiſſion to precede his royal gueſt, and make preparations for the honoured viſit. A few ſhort hours was all the time that Edgar would allow, and thoſe the earl employed in pleading the ſtrength of his attachment to his wife, and urging her to veil (as much as poſſible) thoſe charms that had robbed him of his fidelity. Though Elfrida's beauty was tranſcendant, her virtue was certainly obſcured by vanity; for the idea of becoming miſtreſs of a throne, and obtaining an aſcendency over the youthful monarch's heart, induced her to forſake her duty, and become regardleſs of her huſband's ſafety! Inſtead of en-

deavouring to obſcure her charms, ſhe ſtudied the moſt likely method of making them alluring, and ſucceeded ſo effectually in her deſign, that the heart of Edgar was inſtantly enſlaved! Burning with rage, and glowing with reſentment, he invited the unſuſpicious Ethelwold to hunt with him in a wood adjoining his caſtle, and there with a dagger avenged the injuries he had ſuſtained. Elfrida was eaſily perſuaded to accept the hand of her huſband's murderer; and, when ſeated on a throne, totally forgot the inhuman means by which ſhe had aſcended it.

Cleopatra, daughter to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and joint ſucceſſor with her brother to that throne, was a young woman whoſe beauty of perſon could only be equalled by the brilliancy of her underſtanding: in her were united all the perfections that allure, and all the charms that captivate and enſlave the

mind. Her wit was refined by judgment, her taſte improved by ſcience, and her manners formed by the hands of the graces. Thus favoured by nature, and improved by art, Cleopatra was at once the object of admiration and contempt: her virtue fell a ſacrifice to her charms, and her innocence became the victim of her vanity.

Anna Bullen, wife of Henry the Eighth, was one of the moſt lovely women of the age in which ſhe lived, and her beauty was at once the means of her exaltation and debaſement. The inhuman being who had raiſed her to the poſſeſſion of a throne, became ſuſpicious of the charms which had attracted his capricious mind, and attributing the openneſs of innocence to the effects of guilt, he pretended to doubt the exiſtence of her virtue; and, by the force of artifice, and the prevalence of power, at length convicted her for infidelity. The beauty which

had once captivated, no longer charmed; and her acceſſion to a throne was the fatal means that led her to the ſcaffold!

All authors have been unanimous in deſcribing the perſon of Mary, queen of Scotland, as formed by elegance, and refined by grace. Had ſhe been leſs beautiful, ſhe might have been more virtuous; and had ſhe poſſeſſed fewer attractions, ſhe might have been more entitled to pity.

From the inſtances I have now related, you are not to imagine, my dear girls, that I think either vice or misfortune are peculiarly attached to charms; but I have ſelected them with the view of proving, that, though beauty is by many of your ſex conſidered as an ineſtimable treaſure, it often proves the bane of its poſſeſſors' peace, and the deſtroyer of their happineſs.





HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

SENTIMENTS.

Why ſhould we value ourſelves upon nobility of blood, when we conſider that the original of all mankind was the ſame?

It is only a clear conſcience, and an upright heart, that can make a man truly noble.

It is the part of a good and wiſe man to deal with his inferiors as he would wiſh his ſuperiors to deal with him. *Seneca.*

AS man is of all creatures the moſt dependent, how little pretence can he have for aſſuming an arrogant ſuperiority over his fellows! for even the comforts of a prince are de-

rived from the ſervices and attentions of his ſubjects. The higher a human being is exalted, the greater is his dependence upon the aid of others; for it has frequently been obſerved, that the mind, inſtead of acquiring independence by power, is apt to degenerate into total imbecility, and the moſt trifling efforts become abſolute exertions.

Although the truth of this obſervation is univerſally allowed, how continually do we behold external grandeur diſgraced by *overbearance*, and nobility debaſed by the practice of ſuperciliouſneſs!

But if pride and arrogance have the power of rendering age contemptible, they are the certain means of making youth deſpicable; for that is the period of life in which gentleneſs ſhould be peculiarly cultivated, and condeſcenſion invariably practiſed.

Amidſt

Amidſt the various calls upon your gentleneſs and kindneſs, few have ſtronger claims than thoſe who are conſtantly contributing to the eaſe of your perſon, and the comforts of your exiſtence. Seneca obſerves, that we ſhould not only conſider our ſervants as our fellow-creatures, but our humble friends, whom fortune has no more power over than their maſters. "Why (ſays that great man) ſhould not a brave action rather dignify the condition of a ſervant, than the condition of a ſervant leſſen a brave action?"

If you would obtain the faith of ſervants, you muſt baniſh their fear; yet, by blending kindneſs with reſerve, always inſure to yourſelf their docility and reſpect.

The fidelity of a ſervant has frequently withſtood the attacks of bribery, the perſuaſions

of power, and even diſdained the preſervation of exiſtence; as I ſhall ſhew from the following examples.

A large reward was offered for apprehending the perſon of Charles the Second, at the time he had eſcaped from the purſuit of his enemies. Fatigued with travelling, and exhauſted by fear, the king arrived at the caſtle of one of his followers. The moment he entered, he requeſted a tumbler of wine, to enable him to purſue his intended journey. The butler, not returning with it immediately, the king followed him into the cellar; but was terrified and aſtoniſhed at beholding the man drop upon his knee, and preſent the glaſs. "Do you know me?" ſaid the king. "Yes, and pleaſe your majeſty," replied the man: "And know alſo how to preſerve *my own honour;* for I would loſe my life rather than become an informer."

Two ſervants made their eſcape from a town that was beſieged by the Romans, and immediately joined the enemy's forces. A ſhort time after, the place was ſubdued, and the Roman army entered in triumph. All the outrages that lawleſs fury could commit, the wretched inhabitants were deſtined to ſuſtain; themſelves, their children, and their property, fell victims to the rapacious ſoldiery! The men who had ſo lately joined the Romans, requeſted they might be allowed to puniſh the miſtreſs they had ſerved for her oppreſſive inhumanity towards them; and having obtained it, went directly to the houſe, poſſeſſed themſelves of the moſt portable of her valuables, and then with ſcourges drove her through the ranks until they came to the city gate. As ſoon as they had paſſed it, and no one could witneſs their behaviour, they reſtored her treaſures, intreated her forgiveneſs, and aſſured her it was the only

method they could have adopted to ſave her ruin or preſerve her exiſtence.

In the civil wars of Rome, a party of ſoldiers went to the houſe of a man of quality, who was proſcribed, with a view of fulfilling the orders of their commander, and depriving the unfortunate nobleman of his life. A ſervant, long tried in fidelity and attachment, perceiving them approach, and ſuſpecting their deſigns, inſtantly flew to his lord's apartment, and hurrying on his robes, preſented himſelf before them. The ſoldiers, deluded by the heroic deception, joyfully made him their priſoner; and, before the pious fraud could be diſcovered, his life was ſacrificed to their fury and reſentment.

Theſe inſtances of fidelity and attachment are ſufficient to prove that exalted ſentiments are the gift of nature, not the fortuitous effects of chance or ſituation, and that a noble mind

may

may be the attendant of an humble fortune. If, by the practice of humility and kindneſs, you could obtain the attachment of ſuch a character, even the baſe principle of ſelf-advantage would point out the neceſſity for that mode of conduct.

But in no circumſtance of life is condeſcenſion of manners ſo eſſentially neceſſary to be adopted as in the method of conferring favours; for a benefit beſtowed with pride and oſtentation, is the produce of *ambition*, not the *effect of benevolence*. Seneca obſerves, that no obligation can be perfect, unleſs it is beſtowed with delicacy, humanity, good-nature, and addreſs: and adds, it is ſo grievous a thing to ſay the word, "I beg," that the very mention of it puts a man out of countenance.

The fear of expoſing poverty often deters the poſſeſſor from diſcloſing a ſituation that requires

quires the aſſiſtance of friendſhip; a remarkable inſtance of which is related by the author I have juſt quoted.

A Roman of ſome diſtinction, was reduced from a ſtate of affluence to one of abſolute poverty; yet the ſame independence of mind which had attended him in an exalted followed him into his humble ſituation. But that pride which prevented him from ſoliciting aſſiſtance, could not guard him from feeling that he ſtood in need of it. His ſpirits ſunk, his health declined, and nature languiſhed for its accuſtomed ſupports!

A friend, whoſe delicacy of mind could only be equalled by the generoſity of his heart, hearing, by accident, of the proud man's misfortunes, inſtantly went to viſit him; but, inſtead of wounding his feelings by a diſplay of benevolence, ſat by his bedſide, and adminiſtered

cordials

cordials for the recovery of his health; and occupied in that tender employment, contrived to ſlip a purſe under the pillow, containing a ſufficient ſum to ſupply him with preſent comforts, and prevent his ſuffering *future exigencies*.

How noble, how exalted, is ſuch an action! How greatly to be admired the character which was capable of it! And how muſt the benefit have been augmented by the manner of beſtowing it!

It is a general obſervation, that thoſe who are raiſed from an humble to an exalted ſituation, are moſt apt to cheriſh pride, and practiſe arrogance; yet hiſtory records ſeveral inſtances which counteracts that received opinion.

Catherine the Firſt of Ruſſia, from a dependent on the pariſh, was exalted to the dignified ſtation of an empreſs on a throne; yet, amidſt the

ſplendour

ſplendour of a court, ſhe never forgot the poverty of a cottage, and beſtowed the greateſt rewards upon thoſe who had befriended her in diſtreſs.

One of the emperors of China having been captivated with the beauty of a maſon's daughter, immediately made her the partner of his throne. The amiable empreſs, being thoroughly acquainted with the weakneſs of human nature, became apprehenſive of her own imperfection, and, fearful that grandeur ſhould efface humility, ſhe conſtantly kept one of her father's trowels in her poſſeſſion; and if ever her mind inclined to arrogance, ſhe immediately looked at the trowel, and was *taught humility*.





PRIDE.

SENTIMENTS.

Pride is a vice grows up ſo inſenſibly in ſociety, ſteals into the heart ſo imperceptibly, that it requires the utmoſt vigilance to prevent its attacks, and the utmoſt caution to guard againſt its approach.

PRIDE is a paſſion ſo full of torment to its poſſeſſor, that even the inconvenience which attends it, I ſhould imagine, would be a ſufficient reaſon for endeavouring to eradicate it from

from the breaſt: yet, ſurrounded, as it is, with thorns, and beſet with vexations, it too often contrives to obtain admiſſion, to the deſtruction of good-nature, the ſubverſion of eaſe, and the total baniſhment of humility.

Deſpicable as it appears, attended with theſe conſequences, yet it is frequently beheld under much greater diſadvantages; and the two following examples will ſhew, that, inſtead of being merely contemptible, it has degenerated into atrocity.

The Marchioneſs de Tavera was a woman in whom was united an exceſs of pride, and an inſurmountable ſhare of ambition. Notwithſtanding her being elevated to the rank of marchioneſs, yet her having any *ſuperiors* was a conſtant ſource of diſquiet to her; and ſhe was continually tormenting her huſband with complaints, and ſoliciting him to requeſt the king to add to

his

his dignities by conferring upon him a *dukedom*. In Portugal titles are not quite ſo eaſily obtained as in England; and, inſtead of their being the purchaſe of fortune, they are only the reward of merit, and therefore the marquis's ſolicitation was unattended to.

Mortified by a refuſal, and exaſperated againſt the author of her diſappointment, the artful marchioneſs inſtantly began to attach herſelf to a party whom ſhe knew were diſaffected to the government; and when ſhe had once diſcovered the nature of their ſentiments, ſhe ventured to diſcloſe the horrid plan that had ſo long occupied her own ideas. Imagining her huſband's claim to the deſired dukedom would be acknowledged by the king's ſucceſſor, ſhe reſolved to pave the way to the accompliſhment of her ambitious views, by the murder of a prince whoſe virtues were calculated to inſpire the affection of any but a very depraved mind. Not

ſatisfied

ſatisfied with inſuring her own ruin in the deſperate undertaking, ſhe contrived to involve that of her huſband's and ſons', by making them the agents of her iniquity. The ſcheme was well contrived, though Providence prevented its execution; and the king, inſtead of being murdered, was only ſlightly wounded. The Duke Aviero, the Marquis de Tavera, and two of his domeſtics, were the perſons pitched upon for the perpetration of the horrid act, who, watching the king's return from viſiting a favourite lady, were ſtationed on the road through which he was to paſs, with the intent of firing into the carriage. The duke's blunderbuſs happily miſſed fire; and the rapidity with which the poſtillions drove, prevented the ſecond party from taking aim; but following the carriage, they fired into the back of it, and wounded his majeſty in the arm. Inſtead of proceeding directly to Liſbon, as the aſſaſſins imagined (who had divided into three ſeparate parties) he ordered

dered the drivers to go directly to the ſurgeon general's houſe, which was a few miles out of the city, and by that means eſcaped the attack of the third firing. By great exertions, and wonderful ſecrecy, the whole of this deteſted plot was diſcovered: the marquis and his ſons were broken on the wheel, and the deteſted marchioneſs was beheaded.

Poppæa Sabina, wife of the tyrant Nero, was as remarkable for pride as he was for cruelty: her mules were adorned with bridles of gold, and ſhod with ſhoes of ſilver; and every article of her dreſs was moſt expenſively magnificent. Her vanity was not inferior to her pride; for, to preſerve the delicacy of her complexion, and make it retain an appearance of youthfulneſs, ſhe kept five hundred aſſes for the purpoſe *of bathing herſelf* in their milk.

The

The Spaniards are univerſally allowed to be the moſt haughty race of people in Europe: diſtreſs cannot lower, and poverty cannot abate, it. A proof of the truth of this aſſertion is fully exemplified in the following authentic little anecdotes.

A poor woman in Spain, who was reduced to the utmoſt extreme of poverty, found herſelf utterly incapable of providing food for her children; and, accompanied by three of them, beſought relief from the liberality of a French merchant. As the eldeſt boy was a ſtout able lad, the gentleman (from motives of compaſſion) propoſed taking him into his ſervice: but the woman, with the moſt ſtriking marks of diſdain, refuſed the offer, ſaying, that none of her family had been *diſgraced* by ſervitude.

A poor Spaniſh cobbler, being pronounced paſt recovery, his eldeſt ſon approached the bedſide,

and

and humbly ſolicited his bleſſing and advice; when the dying man, with ſcarcely ſtrength to articulate, earneſtly beſought him to be ſure and retain the *majeſty of the family*.

If the former inſtances of pride appear deteſtable, the latter are certainly ludicrous; and when it becomes the ruling principle of beggars and cobblers, it ſurely muſt be time for real gentlewomen to explode it.





HUMANITY CONTRASTED WITH CRUELTY.

SENTIMENTS.

The merciful man ſhall obtain mercy.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given, ſhall be repaid unto him again.

HUMANITY is a virtue ſo frequently called into action, and ſo delightful in its offices, that, even from motives of ſelf-gratification, I ſhould ſuppoſe a ſuſceptible heart muſt

muſt be inclined to cultivate it. But I flatter myſelf, my beloved girls, you will practiſe it from better principles, and become humane both from duty and inclination. Compaſſion for the afflicted, and a wiſh to relieve their ſufferings, I conſider as a kind of inſtinctive propenſity, which Providence has implanted in every virtuous breaſt, for the comfort of the diſtreſt, and the ſupport of the unfortunate.

In the characters both of Lady Jane Gray and the Counteſs of Pembroke, compaſſion for the unfortunate appears as one of their brighteſt features; and hiſtory teems with a variety of inſtances of the practice of this amiable and attractive virtue; but, amongſt the number, none can be more ſtrikingly engaging than the following, which is recorded to the honour of Lady Pembroke's brother.

Sir Philip Sidney, exhauſted by the fatigue of battle, faint with the loſs of blood, and parched with the intenſity of the heat, intreated one of his ſoldiers to endeavour to procure him a draught of water. Bountiful as nature is of her gifts, yet the plains of Zutphen partook not of them; no freſh ſprings meandered through or pearling rivulets adorned them; and water, inſtead of being the bounty of nature, was the boon of man. The precious beverage, however, was obtained; and Sir Philip was in the act of putting it to his lips, when a ſoldier, languiſhing under the torture of a mortal wound, and gaſping from an exceſs of drought, was by his comrades carrying to his tent. The generous hero beheld him with an eye of pity, and inſtantly withdrawing the cup from his own lips, humanely held it to the ſoldier's, ſaying, "Poor fellow! thy neceſſities are far greater than mine."

Henrietta

Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the Firſt, as ſhe was one day walking in the environs of Exeter, had her footſteps ſuddenly arreſted by the voice of diſtreſs, and the murmurs of complaint; and ſending one of her attendants forward to enquire the cauſe, was informed that a poor old woman was lamenting her inability to ſupply her daughter (who was lying in) with the common neceſſaries of life. The queen, imagining the ſum ſhe had about her was not ſufficient for that humane purpoſe, immediately took a chain of gold from her neck, and giving it to one of her attendants, deſired they would take it to a goldſmith's, and appropriate its value to the ſupply of the poor woman's neceſſities.

Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, and the amiable wife of Henry the Firſt of England, was a woman in whoſe character was united refined humanity and exalted benevolence. She not only devoted great part of

her private income to acts of charity, but herſelf witneſſed that thoſe acts were properly beſtowed. What an intereſting ſight muſt it have been to have beheld a queen attending the ſick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked!

When the incurſions of the victorious Danes had compelled Alfred the Great to retire to Athelny, in Somerſetſhire, he was reduced to ſuch extremity as only to be maſter of one ſingle loaf of bread. But that viciſſitude which would have depreſſed a weak mind, ſeemed to exalt that of Alfred's; for, inſtead of drooping under, he actually roſe ſuperior to his misfortunes; and though unable to aſſiſt himſelf, he ſtretched out his hand to relieve his fellow-creatures. An humble mendicant ſolicited the queen's aſſiſtance, who, knowing the ſcantineſs of her own ſtore, mildly denied the reiterated requeſt. The king, finding the petitioner importunate, deſired the *loaf* might be *divided* between *them*; ſaying,

ſaying, "He who could feed five thouſand men with five loaves and two fiſhes, can certainly make that half loaf more than ſuffice for our neceſſities."

If theſe inſtances of humanity are delightful even in contemplation, how much more gratifying muſt they have proved in the performance; and how wonderful is it that the human mind ſhould ever become dead to ſuch amiable ſenſations!

Softneſs and humanity are certainly the general characteriſtics of our ſex; yet, alas! (to their diſgrace) many inſtances prove the rule to be exceptional; and if once the female breaſt becomes deaf to the voice of humanity, or loſt to the claims of compaſſion, inſenſibility eaſily degenerates into cruelty, and indifference into inhumanity.

How neceſſary, therefore, is it, my beloved girls, that you ſhould encourage that amiable propenſity to humanity which Providence has happily beſtowed upon you! And whilſt you are endeavouring to leſſen the misfortunes of others, remember that you are laying up a ſtore of comfort for the alleviation of your own; for thoſe who have practiſed benevolence in proſperity, are certain of receiving its reward if they fall into adverſity.

"If I was deſired to deſcribe cruelty and revenge, (ſays Seneca,) I would draw a tiger bathed in blood, and ready to take a leap at its prey, as emblematic of thoſe horrid paſſions; and yet, notwithſtanding the diſgrace that is attached to them, they contrive to gain admiſſion into the mind, diſgrace the heart, pervert the underſtanding, and render the whole character completely contemptible." Some remarkable

inſtances

inſtances of the truth of this aſſertion will be found in the following examples.

The Marquis d'Aſtrogus, a Spaniſh nobleman, being unfortunately united to a woman of unamiable manners, became violently attached to a beautiful girl, whoſe parents lived within the vicinity of his caſtle. The enraged marchioneſs, glowing with reſentment againſt the object who had inſpired her huſband's breaſt with tenderneſs, and robbed her of thoſe attentions ſhe fancied herſelf entitled to, by the power of bribery, ſecured the fidelity of ſome of her domeſtics, who, loſt to feeling and humanity, became the agents of her iniquitous deſign. It was not only reſolved to deprive the unfortunate young woman of exiſtence, but to add cruelty to the atrocious deed; and, inſtead of terminating her life by *one fatal blow*, to linger it out by a ſucceſſion of tortures! The heart was at length torn from the beau-

teous form that incloſed it, and preſented bleeding to the inhuman marchioneſs, who, ſending for her cook, deſired it might be dreſt in a manner moſt likely to pleaſe the palate of his lord.

The ſavage banquet was immediately prepared, and the unſuſpicious marquis ſwallowed it with delight! But, what muſt have been his ſenſations, when his deteſtable wife, exulting in the ſucceſs of her inhuman plan, informed him he had eaten that heart which he had taken ſo much pains to inſpire with tenderneſs and affection!

Ameſtris, queen of Perſia, having diſcovered that her huſband was attached to his brother's daughter, a very lovely young girl, imagined her mother not only knew of his affection, but encouraged the indulgence of it; and, exaſperated more againſt her than the object who had

inſpired

inſpired it, was reſolutely bent upon her deſtruction.

By an ancient cuſtom amongſt the Perſians, the queen, on the king's birth-day, was entitled to make a requeſt, which could not be denied; and Ameſtris impatiently waited the anniverſary of that day, for the accompliſhment of her reſentment, and the gratification of her deſign.

It was in vain that Xemes endeavoured to ſave the life of his injured ſiſter, whoſe virtues were as exalted as her mind was pure, and who, ſo far from promoting his affection for her child, was even ignorant of its exiſtence. However, the requeſt had been made, and the king was compelled to grant it.

As ſoon as the inhuman Ameſtris found the victim of wrath delivered into her power, ſhe

immediately ordered her breaſts, noſe, and lips, to be cut off, and thrown to the dogs, and forced the unhappy ſufferer to ſtand by, and ſee them devoured by thoſe hungry animals.

When the head of Cicero was brought into Antony's preſence, his wife Fulvia took it in her hands, ſtruck it on the face, and, after uttering many execrations againſt it, placed it between her knees, and opening the mouth, tore out that tongue which could almoſt have ſoftened cruelty by its eloquence; and ſpitting upon it with contempt, pierced it ſeveral times through with her bodkin.

Joan, queen of Naples, was poſſeſſed of abilities which were calculated to demand reſpect, but her cruelty was ſuch as to inſpire abhorrence; and her unfortunate huſband became its victim; for although the force of her eloquence, and the power of her bribes, induced her

judges

judges to pronounce *her innocent*, yet there is no doubt remaining of her having been acceſſary to the king's murder.

Theſe detached inſtances of inhumanity, I am convinced, are ſufficiently numerous to inſpire your breaſts both with deteſtation and abhorrence; yet I cannot avoid mentioning a circumſtance where the combination of numbers adds horror to atrocity, and where a cool premeditated deſign tends to *augment* the crime of *cruelty*.

In about the four hundred and twenty-eighth year of Rome, near three hundred ladies of the firſt diſtinction diſgraced their nature, deſtroyed their fame, and caſt a ſtigma on their ſex, by entering into a conſpiracy againſt their huſbands' lives. An epidemic diſorder favoured the inhuman plot, and many of the ſenators were the unhappy victims of art, who were

ſuppoſed to have fallen a prey to diſeaſe. Their numbers at length began to create ſuſpicion; yet no one would have imagined a female arm could have been raiſed againſt the life of its ſupporter; or the inſidious deadly draught be adminiſtered with ſmiles of affection, and appearances of tenderneſs, whilſt the heart was the inſtigator of cruelty, and the inſpirer of unheard-of barbarity. But a female ſlave, who had aſſiſted her miſtreſs in the preparation of the deſtructive doſe, ſhocked at the part ſhe had performed, and tortured by the pangs of remorſe, confeſſed the whole of the iniquitous plot, and deſcribed the names of thoſe who were then occupied in preparing the fatal potion. Officers of juſtice were inſtantly diſpatched to the reſpective houſes, and the ladies diſcovered at the dreadful employment. At firſt they attempted to deny the fact, pretending they were making an antidote to ſave them from the peſtilen-

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tial diſeaſe; but finding their aſſertions diſregarded, and the ſword of juſtice hanging over their heads, they ſwallowed the deſtructive draught, and by ſo doing eſcaped the blow.





ON THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

SENTIMENTS.

We complain of the ſhortneſs of Time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with; for our lives are either ſpent in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or elſe in doing nothing that we ought to do.

Seneca.

MELANCHOLY as this picture appears, and diſgraceful as it certainly is to a rational and reflecting being, I fear, if we were to take an impartial view of our lives, too many

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of us would have reaſon to acknowledge the juſtneſs of the author's cenſure; but that you, my beloved girls, ſhould avoid falling under ſo ſevere an imputation, and, inſtead of waſting, improve the time that is committed to your truſt, has been one of the firſt wiſhes of my heart, and one of the greateſt objects of my ſolicitude.

"Every fool (Lord Cheſterfield obſerves) who ſlatterns away his whole time in nothings, has ſome trite obſervation at hand, to prove both its value and its fleetneſs; and though they pretend to feel the neceſſity of employing it *well*, they ſquander it away without conſidering that its loſs is irrecoverable. There are two ſorts of underſtanding (ſays that judge of human nature) which prevents a man from ever becoming conſiderable; the one is a lazy, and the other a frivolous, mind. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of ſearching to the bottom of any

thing,

thing, but, diſcouraged by the ſlighteſt difficulties, ſtops ſhort, and contents itſelf with eaſy and ſuperficial knowledge, rather than ſubmit to a ſmall degree of trouble."

Although it is not neceſſary for a young woman to ſtudy with that cloſeneſs of application which is eſſentially requiſite in the education of a boy, yet, whatever you pretend to learn, you ought to have ambition enough to deſire to excel in; for mediocrity is a proof of weakneſs; and perfection may always be purchaſed by application. "Knowledge (ſays an elegant writer) is a comfortable and neceſſary ſhelter for us in an advanced age; but if we do not plant it while young, it will afford us no ſhade when we grow old." Yet I neither expect or require ſo cloſe an application to the improvement of your minds, as to baniſh recreation, or exclude pleaſure: I only wiſh that you ſhould remember that your foundation of know-

ledge

ledge muſt be eſtabliſhed before you are eighteen; for when you are once introduced into the world, your application will be inceſſantly interrupted, and your ſtudies broken in upon. All difficulties may be overcome by perſeverance; and even the defects of nature may be conquered. A remarkable inſtance of the power of perſeverance is demonſtrated in the conduct of Demoſthenes, an Athenian orator, who, anxious to obtain perfection in the art of ſpeaking, not only conquered an abſolute impediment of ſpeech, but, from being one of the moſt ungraceful, became one of the moſt graceful, orators in Athens.

In the diſtribution of your time, I ſcarcely need inform you, that the firſt hour of the day ought to be devoted to the ſervice of your Maker. Accuſtom yourſelves to the practice of religious homage, as a natural expreſſion of gratitude to him for all his bounty and benevolence.

lence. Conſider it as the ſervice of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom, in former ages, your anceſtors honoured, and by whom they are now rewarded and bleſſed in heaven. Seneca tells us, that the firſt petition we offer to God, ought to be for a *good conſcience*; the ſecond for health of mind; and the third for health of body. After having offered theſe petitions, it will be neceſſary you ſhould accuſtom yourſelves to make a regular diſtribution of time, for the different avocations which are to occupy it: this will be found one of the beſt methods that can be adopted, both for the practice of youth, and thoſe of a more advanced period. Doctor Johnſon, who was rather a ſevere critic upon the failings of our ſex, attributed moſt of them to habitual idleneſs; and was ſo great an advocate for a female's being taught every kind of needlework, that he abſolutely fancied it a foundation for *morality*. In Poland, it is a cuſ-

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tom amongſt the people in middling ranks of life, that no young woman ſhould be ſuffered to marry, until ſhe has done as much work as will fill twelve large baſkets, which on the wedding day is divided in preſents to the different gueſts. Though I think needlework a *neceſſary*, I certainly conſider it as a very inferior, kind of employment, when compared with the gratification you may enjoy, by ſpending your time in the practice of virtue, and in acts of benevolence; yet, as excellence even in trifles is praiſeworthy, I ſhall in the following examples unite the names of a few females who have acquired it in that art, with thoſe who have obtained applauſe for ſuperior qualifications.

Andromache, wife of Hector, prince of Troy, was ſo beautiful an embroidreſs, that, after the death of her huſband, and the deſtruction of the city, ſhe amuſed her leiſure hours by deli-

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neating the melancholy event with her needle upon white ſattin.

Anna Maria Shurman, a German lady, is, by the hiſtorians of that country, conſidered as an abſolute prodigy; and the facility with which ſhe learnt all female accompliſhments was certainly moſt aſtoniſhing. At ſix years of age ſhe could cut paper with a taſte and elegance entirely her own; at eight ſhe painted flowers in a beautiful ſtyle; at ten ſhe was taught embroidery, and was only three hours in acquiring the art. Her writing was the moſt elegant that can be conceived, and ſhe could imitate a variety of hands. The powers of her underſtanding were equal to the moſt metaphyſical enquiries; and ſhe was not only the moſt accompliſhed, but the moſt learned, woman of the age.

Penelope,

Penelope, wife of Ulyſſes, king of Ithaca, whoſe character has been celebrated by hiſtorians for the ſtrength of her affection, and delicacy of attachment to her huſband, has alſo been praiſed for her adherence to thoſe duties which particularly belong to a female ſtation; and, inſtead of interfering with affairs of ſtate, we are told that her time was ſpent in the regulation of her family, and the employment of weaving.

Amidſt thoſe ladies whoſe names are rendered eminent by the number of their literary productions, the Ducheſs of Newcaſtle has certainly a title to pre-eminence, if variety can conſtitute merit, and application deſerve applauſe; for her grace was ſo unwearied in her labours, and ſo indefatigable in her endeavours to promote knowledge, that ſhe would not even allow herſelf time to read

read her works before they were ſent to the preſs.

Queen Elizabeth, who is univerſally allowed to have been a woman of exalted genius and ſuperior underſtanding, always allotted different portions of the day for arranging thoſe affairs which were unconnected; and it was by that regular diſtribution of her time, that ſhe was enabled to tranſact with eaſe a multiplicity of buſineſs, that muſt have diſtracted a mind which was devoid of regularity.

Elizabeth, counteſs of Bridgewater, was a woman whoſe time was ſpent in the performance of thoſe duties which rendered her the object of univerſal love and admiration. She was the comforter of the afflicted, the ſupporter of the diſtreſſed, and the reliever of the unhappy. But I cannot give you a better idea of the perfection of her character, than by tranſcribing

ſcribing part of her epitaph, which was taken from her monument in Gaddeſden church.

"Sacred to the memory of the late tranſcendently virtuous lady (now glorious ſaint) the Right Honourable Elizabeth Counteſs of Bridgewater. She was a woman in whom all the accompliſhments both of body and mind concurred to make her the glory of the preſent, and the example of future ages. Her beauty was abſolutely ſo unparalleled, that neither pen or painting could deſcribe it without diſparagement. She had a winning and attractive behaviour, a charming diſcourſe, a moſt obliging converſation. She was ſo courteous and affable to all perſons, that it was impoſſible to avoid loving her. She was of a noble and generous ſoul, yet of ſo meek and humble a diſpoſition, that never any woman of her quality was greater in the world's opinion, or *ſo little* in *her own*. The rich at her table taſted

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her hoſpitality; the poor at her gate bore teſtimony of her charity. Her devotion was exemplary; and her writings upon religious ſubjects (which were only ſubmitted to the eye of her huſband) proved at once the purity of her ſoul, and the refinement of her ſentiments. She was an affectionate wife, an indulgent mother, a kind miſtreſs, and a ſincere friend. In a word, ſhe was ſo ſuperlatively good, that language is incapable of expreſſing her deſerved character; and her death was as religious as her life was virtuous."

I conſider it impoſſible to read an account of ſuch tranſcendent excellencies either with apathy or indifference; and the heart which is not totally devoid of ſenſibility, muſt feel an animating glow pervade it even in the contemplation of ſuch exalted greatneſs! And when you conſider that this amiable woman was a mere human being, ſubject to the failings and imper-

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fection of mortality, ought it not to be an incitement to your virtue?

It has always been allowed, that the desire of fame is universally implanted in the human breast; and that the wish of leaving a name unsullied, has been the foundation of many virtues. If you, my beloved girls, are sensible of that impression, or desire to leave a character spotless as Lady Bridgewater's, imitate her actions, and you will receive her praise.





POLITENESS OF ADDRESS, AND POLISH OF MANNERS.

SENTIMENTS.

The deſire of pleaſing may be termed the happieſt of all deſires, becauſe it ſeldom fails of attaining its ends, when not diſgraced by affectation.

Fielding.

'Tis a fair ſtep towards virtue and happineſs, to delight in the ſociety of the good and wiſe; and if thoſe cannot be met with, the next point is to keep no *company at all*.

Seneca.

POLITENESS and good-breeding are ſuch requiſite introductions into genteel ſociety, that it is abſolutely aſtoniſhing any one can gain admittance into it who are deficient either in the one or the other.

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I conſider politeneſs as the child of good-nature; though there are inſtances where the one may exiſt without the other; yet it is almoſt impoſſible for a young woman, who is poſſeſſed of the latter amiable quality, to remain long deficient in the former, if ſhe has any opportunities of mixing in genteel life; for a deſire of pleaſing, with the precaution of not being troubleſome, is doubtleſs the beſt ſtructure for true politeneſs. Lord Cheſterfield, in his Letters on Politeneſs, ſays, that a friend ~~of his~~ has defined good breeding to be the reſult of "much good ſenſe, ſome good-nature, and a little ſelf-denial for the ſake of others, and alſo with a view of obtaining the ſame indulgence from them." As to abſolute rules for politeneſs, I flatter myſelf, thoſe would be unneceſſary; for I have the pleaſure of obſerving you poſſeſs a native civility, which I conſider as its foundation; and, indeed, the modes of it muſt vary according to perſons, places, and circumſtances;

for the ſame behaviour that you would adopt to one who is *greatly* your *ſuperior*, would be improper to uſe to her who is your inferior; therefore, obſervation and experience will be your beſt directors, and good-humour and civility your ableſt guides.

The deſire of being pleaſed is univerſal; and if the deſire of pleaſing was ſo too, politeneſs might then have its foundation in virtue, be conſidered as a moral duty, and be included in the principle of doing to others what one wiſhes they ſhould do to us. There are, indeed, ſome moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable one; and, like Lord Cheſterfield, I am inclined to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

A ſtudied attention to the little wants, and a deſire to anticipate the wiſhes, of thoſe which chance or inclination brings into your company,

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is one of the firſt duties which you owe ſociety; and a careleſs negligence to pleaſe, is one of the moſt unpardonable things you can be guilty of; though, I grieve to ſay, it is a ſtriking failing in the young people of the preſent age. But, in being civil, avoid being ceremonious; yet always beware of freedom and familiarity. Let your conduct to your ſuperiors be reſpectful, but not humiliating; to your equals be courteous and affable; and to your inferiors, gentle and condeſcending.

Politeneſs, when attached to a virtuous character, actually embelliſhes that which ſeems not to require any other ornament; and ſo ſtrong is its influence on the human mind, that it ſeems even to caſt a veil over imperfections, as I ſhall ſhew in the two following examples.

Mary, queen of Scotland, whoſe misfortunes have been univerſally deplored, though

her failings have been highly condemned, might have attributed the commiſſeration of the former, in a great meaſure, to the ſweetneſs of her manners, and the affability of her diſpoſition. Her behaviour to her attendants was at once ſo mildly gentle, and ſo ſweetly condeſcending, that any of them would almoſt have ſacrificed their lives to have preſerved her exiſtence.

Joan, queen of Naples, whoſe inhumanity and cruelty I have before had occaſion to mention, was yet ſuch an adept in artifice, and was ſo ſenſible that a poliſh of manners was a frequent apology for an abandoned courſe of life, that, by her condeſcenſion, perſuaſion, and politeneſs, ſhe abſolutely blinded the minds of her judges, and at length induced them to pronounce her innocent!

Bertrade,

Bertrade, wife of Philip the Firſt, king of France, though unamiable in her character, and deſpicable in her conduct, yet was poſſeſſed of ſuch an intereſting ſweetneſs of manner, that even thoſe who deſpiſed found it impoſſible to avoid being pleaſed with her. So completely infatuated was Philip by this artful mode of behaviour, that, though he was acquainted with her endeavours to deſtroy the life of his ſon by a former marriage, yet he found himſelf incapable of withſtanding the ſoftneſs of her pleadings; and not only forgave the crime, but appeared to have his affection augmented by her pretended ſorrow.

If poliſh of manners, and elegance of addreſs, can have the power of making an unamiable character attractive, with what ſuperior advantages muſt it be viewed when it is attached to goodneſs and virtue! and how deſirable an acquirement ought it to be to

young people, if they conſider that a polite addreſs is abſolutely a general paſſport to univerſal favour!

It was the ſweetneſs of Catherine's manners, more than the charms of her perſon, that enſlaved the heart of the Emperor Peter. The latter might attract his eye, but the former ſecured his eſteem, rooted his regard, and was the means of exalting her to the Ruſſian throne!

All Engliſh hiſtorians are unanimous in their deſcription of Lady Jane Gray, and all aſcribe to her a ſweetneſs of manner that at once captivated the mind, ſecured the heart, and called forth the admiration of all beholders.

In the exalted account which is given of the Counteſs of Bridgewater, the elegance of her manners, the ſweetneſs of her behaviour, and

the affability of her addreſs, conſtitutes no trifling part in the praiſe which is beſtowed upon her character; and if they are not the moſt ſtriking features for admiration, they certainly are traits which muſt enſure affection, and create eſteem.

Octavia, the amiable wife of the inhuman Nero, has been more celebrated for the ſweetneſs of her manners than for the ſuperiority of her underſtanding; and though her conduct was calculated to call forth admiration, yet it was ſtill more likely to inſpire love.

If arguments were wanting to enforce the neceſſity there is for young ladies habituating themſelves to the practice of politeneſs, I might urge as a motive, the ſtrong influence they are univerſally allowed to poſſeſs over the minds of the other ſex. Thoſe men who are beſt judges both of the failings and perfections of human nature,

are willing to aſcribe the poliſh of their manners chiefly to the influence of virtuous and elegant-minded females, in whoſe ſociety they have imperceptibly loſt that innate roughneſs which is their peculiar characteriſtic; and I am ſure you will allow the neceſſity of not being deficient in any accompliſhment you may hereafter be called upon to *teach*.





FRIENDSHIP.

SENTIMENTS.

It requires time to deliberate upon friendſhip; but the reſolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the ſecrets of my heart; and I look upon my thoughts to be as ſafe in his breaſt as my own.

Never condemn a friend unheard, without letting him know both his accuſer and his crime. *Seneca.*

THE ancients ranked friendſhip in the ſecond claſs of human virtues; and many are the inſtances recorded in hiſtory, where its energy has produced effects that almoſt might

be conſidered as divine. Of all the paſſions that adorn human nature, that of friendſhip is certainly the moſt ſublime, becauſe the leaſt ſelfiſh affection of the ſoul; for honour, frankneſs, and generoſity, are the ſuperſtructure on which it is eſtabliſhed. Amidſt the various ties and dependencies which conſtitute the happineſs of life, it is the moſt delicate, and yet the moſt fragile. Wealth cannot purchaſe, titles cannot obtain it; and the great, alas! rarely enjoy the bleſſing! It cannot exiſt in a vicious mind, and only thrives in a ſympathetic one.

The word friendſhip is at preſent generally underſtood to be a term of little import, or extending merely to a preference of liking or eſteem. This I conſider as a ſhameful proſtitution of a word that ought only to be attached to an exalted character, and a ſoul capable of the moſt diſintereſted actions. In the choice of a friend,

friend, much care is neceſſary, and much precaution ought to be obſerved; but good ſenſe, good-nature, and firm principles, are abſolute requiſities in the compoſition. A weak mind is incapable of attachment; a bad temper would ſoon weaken the ſtrongeſt; and want of principle muſt deſtroy it. Doctor Johnſon obſerves, that ſo many qualities are neceſſary to the poſſibility of friendſhip, and ſo many accidents muſt concur to its riſe and continuance, that the greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, or ſupply its place with intereſt and dependence.

If friendſhip was really ſo extraordinary a production, and of ſo rare a growth, hiſtory would not teem with ſuch various proofs either of its diſintereſtedneſs or exiſtence; and thoſe who have endeavoured either to leſſen or debaſe the ſentiments, are, in my opinion, guilty of an injury to ſociety. Perhaps, you will be aſtoniſhed

niſhed that, in the inſtances I have ſelected for your obſervation, with the intent of controverting the Doctor's opinions, I ſhould have drawn them from the *male* inſtead of the *female character;* but as hiſtory has not furniſhed me with proofs of ſuch great and diſintereſted friendſhip in our ſex as I have found in the other, I thought it right to record thoſe which were moſt impreſſive; though, at the ſame time, I am inclined to believe, we are equally capable of an exalted attachment; and I have no doubt but if all the acts of refined friendſhip which the female heart has inſtigated, had been recorded in the page of hiſtory, it would have been as highly adorned by the account, as it has been by the following examples of the other ſex.

The friendſhip of Damon and Pythias was founded on affection, eſtabliſhed on eſteem, and confirmed by principle. Damon had the misfortune to fall under the diſpleaſure of Dionyſius,

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the Sicilian tyrant, whoſe breaſt was a ſtranger to the ſenſation of compaſſion. To create diſpleaſure, was to forfeit exiſtence; and to murmur at a decree, was to inſure its immediate execution. Damon repined not at the ſeverity of his fate, yet ardently wiſhed to award the blow. He had a wife and children in a diſtant part of the country, whom he longed to preſs to his tortured boſom before the dreadful moment arrived that was to ſeparate them for ever! Pythias, appriſed of his friend's deſire, preſented himſelf before his inhuman judge, and earneſtly beſought the indulgence Damon wiſhed for, yet dare not expect, offering to ſurrender his own perſon as a pledge for his friend's return. The ſingularity of a man's offering his life in the place of a condemned criminal, when ſo many circumſtances might prevent the punctuality of his return, made an impreſſion on the callous heart of Dionyſius, and he granted the requeſt; but, at the ſame time, allowed ſo

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ſhort a period for Damon's abſence, that it appeared almoſt impoſſible for him to be back by the day fixed upon for his execution. The time for his return drew near, and the heart of Pythias exulted in his abſence! To doubt the honour of his friend, or diſtruſt his ſincerity, was impoſſible; and he knew that adverſe winds could only have prevented his punctuality. Curioſity induced the tyrant to pay a viſit to the noble-minded Pythias, who, delighted at the idea of ſaving the life of his friend, ardently prayed that he might not return. It was in vain that Dionyſius endeavoured to perſuade him Damon was unworthy of his friendſhip, and had formed the excuſe of viſiting his family for the purpoſe of preſerving his own life, and ſacrificing that of his friend! He grew indignant at the baſe idea, and boldly vindicated the honour he had ſo often tried! The hour of execution at length arrived, and the intrepid hero aſcended the ſcaffold with a heart animated by friendſhip, and glow-

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ing with affection. Death was robbed of all its terrors; and the proſpect of ſaving the life of the man he loved, made it appear arrayed in ſmiles! The people had crowded round the ſcaffold, whilſt aſtoniſhment and admiration was viſible in every countenance. The executioner was going to ſtrike the fatal blow, when the cry of "Stop" arreſted his uplifted hand, and Damon ruſhed into the arms of Pythias breathleſs with haſte, and tortured with apprehenſion! "You are ſafe, my friend, my much-loved Pythias!" he exclaimed; "and oh, ye gods! receive my thanks!"

"Oh fatal haſte, and cruel impatience!" replied the dejected Pythias. "Triumphant had I fallen, if my Damon had been ſpared; but as the gods have oppoſed my wiſh of dying for thee, ſtill I will not be wholly diſappointed, for we will bleed together!"

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So affecting a ſcene ſoftened even the adamantine breaſt of Dionyſius; and the heart which had hitherto been inſenſible to pity and compaſſion, felt for once its divine influence! Riſing from his ſeat, and approaching the two friends, he congratulated them upon the ſtrength and delicacy of their attachment; and then, with a generoſity wholly unexpected, beſtowed *life* upon *Damon*, and happineſs upon Pythias.

Alcander and Septimius were two Athenian ſtudents, whoſe mutual taſte for the arts and ſciences became the foundation of their future friendſhip, and they were ſcarcely ever ſeen apart. Although Alcander's breaſt was animated by that tender ſentiment, a ſtill more lively one found entrance, and the fair Hypatia became the object of his love. He declared his paſſion, and was accepted. Septimius happened to have left the city, when his friend firſt ſaw the blooming fair one, and did not return until the

day

day fixed upon for his marriage. The moment that introduced him to the view of ſuch perfection, was fatal to his peace; and the ſtruggle between love and friendſhip became too violent for his reſolution. A ſudden and dangerous fever attacked him; and the unſuſpicious Alcander introduced the object of his affection to aſſiſt him in his unwearied care of his friend. The moment the phyſicians beheld Hypatia enter, they were no longer at a loſs to account for their patient's illneſs; and calling Alcander aſide, they informed him of the nature of it, and alſo expreſſed their fears that Septimius's recovery was impoſſible! Tortured between the dread of loſing the friend of his heart, and agonized at the idea of relinquiſhing the object of his affection, his anguiſh for ſome moments deprived him of utterance; but recovering that fortitude which had ever marked his conduct, he flew to the bedſide of the apparently dying man, and promiſed to renounce his claim to

Hypatia,

Hypatia, if ſhe conſented to a union with Septimius. Whether Hypatia had not been ſtrongly attached to the amiable Alcander, or whether compaſſion urged her to accept the hand of his friend, I cannot ſay, but they were united, quitted Athens, and went directly to Septimius's houſe at Rome. Hypatia's friends, imagining Alcander had relinquiſhed his betrothed bride for the ſake of a rich reward, commenced an action againſt him for a breach of promiſe; and the judges, biaſſed by the repreſentations of his enemies, ordained that he ſhould pay a heavier fine than his whole property amounted to. The wretched Alcander was now reduced to the moſt melancholy ſituation; his friend abſent, his miſtreſs loſt, and his own character ſtigmatized with baſeneſs! Being abſolutely unable to pay the demand, his perſon became the property of his oppreſſors, and he was carried into the market place, and ſold as a common ſlave. A Thracian merchant became his purchaſer, and for

ſeveral

ſeveral years he endured a life of torment. At length liberty preſented itſelf to his view, and the opportunity of flight was not to be rejected. Alcander ardently embraced it, and arrived at Rome in the duſk of the evening. Friendleſs, hopeleſs, and forlorn, the generous Alcander had no place of ſhelter, and neceſſity compelled him to ſeek a lodging in a gloomy cavern. Two robbers, who had long been ſuſpected to frequent that ſpot, arrived there ſoon after midnight, and diſputing about their booty, fortunately did not perceive his preſence. One of them at length was ſo exaſperated againſt his companion, that, drawing a dagger from his ſide, he plunged it into his heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the mouth of the cave. Alcander's miſeries had been ſo accumulated, and his diſtreſſes ſo undeſerved, that his mind at length was worn down by his afflictions, and he became indifferent to every thing around him. In this ſituation he was diſcovered, and dragged

to a court of juſtice, as the murderer of the man whoſe body had been found in the cave. Weary of exiſtence, he did not deny the charge; and ſentence was going to be pronounced againſt him, when the murderer, ſmitten with a pang of conſcience, entered the court, and avowed the fact! Aſtoniſhment ſeized *every mind*, but particularly that of the judge that was going to condemn him, who, examining the countenance of a man capable of ſuch ſingular conduct, diſcovered the features of the once-loved Alcander! Riſing from the throne of juſtice, and flying to the bar of guilt, he caught the unhappy ſufferer in his arms, and, after ſhedding over him tears of joy and compaſſion, preſented him to the ſenators as a man whoſe diſintereſted conduct had been the means of preſerving his own exiſtence.

Never was a ſtronger friendſhip between two men than that which ſubſiſted between Cicero

and

and Lælius; but, by tranſcribing the real ſentiments of the latter upon that exalted ſubject, I ſhall give you a perfect idea both of its ſtrength and delicacy.

"Of all the gifts of nature or fortune, (ſays Lælius,) there were none, I think, comparable to the having Cicero for my friend. I found in our friendſhip a perfect conformity of ſentiments in reſpect to public affairs, and an inexhauſtible fund of council and ſupport in private life; a tranquillity and delight not to be expreſſed. I never, to my knowledge, gave Cicero the leaſt offence; nor ever heard a word eſcape him that did not pleaſe me. We had but one houſe, and one table; the frugality of which was equally the taſte of both. In war, in travelling, and in the country, we were never ſeparated. I need not mention our ſtudies, and the deſire of us both always to learn ſomething; for this was the employment of all our leiſure hours,

hours, whenever we were removed from the ſight and commerce of the world."

Can you, my beloved girls, conceive any human felicity to be greater than that which Lælius experienced from ſuch an exalted friendſhip? What a conſolation is it to have a ſecond ſelf, from whom we have nothing ſecret, and unto whoſe heart we may pour forth our own with a perfect effuſion! Proſperity is imperfect to thoſe who have no one to ſhare their joys; and adverſity is almoſt inſupportable to them who have no one to pity it! Indeed, I am inclined to believe there is not a being in exiſtence, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world could beſtow, if offered them upon the ſevere terms of being unconnected with a ſingle mortal whom they could love, or by whom they ſhould be treated with affection. This would be to lead the wretched life of a deteſted tyrant, who, amidſt perpetual

ſuſpicions

ſuſpicions and alarms, paſſes his miſerable days a ſtranger to every tender ſentiment; and utterly precluded from the heartfelt ſatisfaction of pure friendſhip. But you, my dear girls, can never be ſtrangers to that noble paſſion; the ties of conſanguinity will ſtrengthen the bonds of friendſhip, and the claims of relationſhip augment your tenderneſs.





INGRATITUDE.

SENTIMENTS.

Ingratitude wounds the mind, pierces the heart, and does an irreparable injury to human nature.

Ingratitude is more baneful than a pestilential vapour, and more destructive to society than a band of *robbers*.

Ingratitude is so dangerous to itself, and so detestable to other people, that one would imagine nature had sufficiently provided against the practice of it, without the necessity of enforcing it by law. Not to return one good office for another, is absolutely inhuman; but to return evil for good, is diabolical.

Seneca.

AMIDST the various vices to which human nature is prone, and which mark the degradation it has suffered, none more strikingly evince its debasement than the practice of *ingratitude.*

titude. For other vices, and other failings, reaſon may be able to aſſign a cauſe; but for *that* ſhe muſt ſearch in vain. That kindneſs ſhould ever be returned with cruelty, or affection be treated with neglect, is humanity's ſhame, and man's diſgrace!

It is certain that ingratitude can only find exiſtence in a depraved mind, a corrupted heart, and the breaſt that is a ſtranger to every virtuous ſentiment! There is ſomething ſo contrary to honour, ſo repugnant to humanity, and ſo devoid of principle, even in the *bare forgetfulneſs of favours*, that thoſe who are capable of practiſing ſuch a mode of conduct, are thought of with contempt, and treated with ſcorn.

Seneca obſerves, that it is one man's *happineſs* to *give*, and another's *misfortune* to *receive*; but the gratification which a liberal mind would enjoy from the power of conferring benefits,

the ungrateful man totally deſtroys, and deprives benevolence of its juſt reward. In ſhort, ingratitude is ſo contemptible in itſelf, and ſo generally deſpiſed by the world, that naught but authenticated facts could prove that ſo deteſtable a vice was really in exiſtence; but, amongſt the various inſtances which hiſtory has recorded to prove it ſo, none can be attended with more aggravating circumſtances than a ſtory accidentally met with in Sigon's account of Barbadoes, which Mr. Addiſon has given his readers in the author's words, and which I ſhall alſo begin with in relating the following examples of it.

Mr. Thomas Inkle, a young London merchant, was the third ſon of a wealthy citizen, who had carefully inſtilled into his mind a love of gain, and a deſire of acquiring wealth; and this propenſity, which he had imbibed from precept, and felt from nature, was the grand inducement

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for him to try his fortune in the Weſt Indies. Inkle's perſon was abſolutely the reverſe of his mind: the former was manly and noble; but the latter, mean and contracted. During the voyage, the Achilles (which was the name of the veſſel in which he had embarked) put into a creek to avoid the fury of a ſtorm; and young Inkle, with ſeveral of the party, went on ſhore, to take a view of a ſcene ſo entirely new. They had not travelled far up the country before they were obſerved by a party of the Indians, and fear and apprehenſion lent wings to their flight. Inkle out-ran his companions, and, breathleſs with terror, ſought ſecurity in the thicket of a foreſt. He had not long remained in that forlorn ſituation, when his aſtoniſhment was called forth by the appearance of a youthful female, whoſe benignant countenance ſeemed inſtantly to compaſſionate his forlorn ſituation. Gentleneſs and ſweetneſs was diſplayed in every feature; and when Inkle, by ſigns, acquainted

her with his forlorn ſituation, ſhe evidently proved that ſympathy was confined to no particular climate, and that humanity depends not upon the colour of the ſkin.

The generous Indian was a woman of high birth; and knowing that the tenderneſs ſhe felt for the unfortunate ſtranger would be diſpleaſing to her parents, ſhe felt the neceſſity of diſguiſing it. She carried Inkle to a remote cave, ſupplied his wants, and daily adminiſtered to his comforts. Her affection in time became ſo ſtrong, that ſhe ſcarcely could exiſt but in his preſence. Fearful that he ſhould grow weary of his confinement, ſhe uſed to watch the opportunities of her parents' abſence, and then conduct him into the beauteous groves with which that country abounds; then perſuade him to lie down and ſlumber, and anxiouſly watch by him for fear he ſhould be diſturbed! His little dwelling was adorned with all the art that na-

tive elegance could ſuggeſt, and unſuſpecting innocence employ, to make it appear pleaſing to her lover's eyes. At length Yarico had the happineſs of finding Inkle underſtood her language, and had the felicity of hearing him expreſs the ſtrength of his gratitude, and power of his love. Inkle was conſtantly repreſenting the joys that would await them if they could once return to England, and painted the exceſs of his paſſion in ſuch glowing colours, that the unſuſpecting Yarico could not doubt its ſincerity, and at length promiſed not only to become the partner of his flight, but daily watch the arrival of ſome veſſel to promote it. The wiſhed-for object ſoon appeared; the unſuſpicious Yarico left the abode of her doating parents, and, forgetful of her duty, thought only of her affection. The ſhip in which they had embarked was bound for Barbadoes, and all Inkle's ideas of acquiring wealth returned with double force. Love, which had been a tranſitory paſſion, and

which had acquired its foundation in intereſt, now yielded to a ſuperior claim. His freedom once obtained, the means were totally forgotten, and the unfortunate Yarico conſidered as a tax upon his bounty. As ſoon as the veſſel arrived at Barbadoes, the merchants crowded round it for the purpoſe of purchaſing their ſlaves. The deſpicable Inkle was animated at the ſight, and reſolving to relieve himſelf of what he conſidered as a burden, offered the beauteous Yarico to the beſt bidder. It was in vain that ſhe threw herſelf on her knees before him, or pleaded her tenderneſs and affection; the heart that could be *dead to gratitude* was loſt to love; and the unfortunate Yarico was doomed to a life of a ſlavery!

A ſoldier, in the ſervice of a Macedonian king, was ſhipwrecked on an iſland at ſome diſtance from the court as he was going to tranſact ſome buſineſs of importance for the gene-

ral.

ral. Although he was in a ſubaltern capacity, his bravery and courage had obtained him the favour of his ſovereign; and the ſhipwreck happening at the time that he was expecting promotion, was a calamity of the ſevereſt nature. Forlorn and deſtitute, caſt upon an unknown iſland, the ſole ſurvivor of the unfortunate crew, he found his ſpirits ſinking under his calamities, when his hopes were revived by the appearance of a ſtranger, who accoſted him with humanity, and ſaluted him with kindneſs. Hearing of his misfortunes, his heart ſympathized in them; and inviting him to his houſe, he gave him the ſtrongeſt proofs of his liberality. After having furniſhed him with clothes, and ſupplied him with money, he procured a veſſel to carry him to the place of his deſtination, and deſired that, whenever he wanted a home, he would conſider the little farm he occupied entirely as his own. The ſoldier expreſſed his gratitude, admired the beauty of the place, and promiſed, when he

made his ſovereign acquainted with the misfortune that had befallen him, to mention the benevolence with which he had been treated. As ſoon as he had executed his commiſſion, he returned to Macedon, and, after deſcribing his diſtreſſes in the moſt glowing colours, requeſted, as a reward, the very farm which was occupied by the generous ſtranger. Philip, not ſuſpecting ſuch ingratitude could exiſt in a human breaſt, inſtantly ordered it to be purchaſed for him; and the amiable poſſeſſor was turned out of an abode which had been inhabited by his forefathers for ſeveral generations. As Philip was known to be the avenger of the injured, and the redreſſer of the oppreſſed, the farmer reſolved to repreſent his gueſt's ingratitude, and, going to Macedon for that purpoſe, humbly ſolicited an audience. Fired with indignation, and exaſperated with rage, the king inſtantly ſent for the ungrateful

ſoldier,

ſoldier, and, after expreſſing his diſpleaſure, and ordering him to reſtore the eſtate, he preſented it as a *gift* to its former owner.





TRUTH.

SENTIMENTS.

When a man loſes his *integrity*, he loſes the *foundation* of his *virtue*.

TRUTH is ſo great a perfection, that an ancient philoſopher obſerved, if the Almighty thought proper to render himſelf viſible to man, he would chooſe light for his body, and truth for his ſoul. The advantages which are attendant upon an habitual love of truth, and a conſtant practice of its precepts, are ſo ſtriking to every thinking mind, that it is abſolutely aſtoniſhing that, even from motives of policy, it is not univerſally practiſed.

The

The happineſs I have hitherto experienced, my beloved girls, from obſerving that you have a deteſtation to falſehood, and an abhorrence of every kind of deceit, was the reaſon of my not ſooner entering upon a ſubject which I conſider of the utmoſt importance; but as I was convinced your natures required neither examples to allure you to the habit of truth, or deter you from the practice of falſehood, I did not intend lengthening out my advice: but when I reflect that the ſtrongeſt virtue may be ſhaken, and the firmeſt principles ſubdued, by bad example, I cannot reſiſt the inclination I feel to ſtrengthen the amiable propenſity which nature has beſtowed, and intreat you always to recollect that truth and ſincerity are the baſis of every virtue; and that deception and hypocriſy are the foundation of every vice. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are ſtrong, and when nature is expected to ſhew herſelf free

and

and open, you could then ſmile and deceive, what ſhould I expect when you were longer practiced in the artifice of the world? Diſſimulation in youth is the ſure forerunner of perfidy in old age; and its firſt appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future ſhame. The path of truth is plain and eaſy, but that of falſehood is a perplexing maze. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy increaſes, you are loſt and entangled in your own ſnare.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, the eſteem of the world, and the affection of your friends, cultivate that love of truth which has hitherto been my gratification and *your* glory.

Amidſt the various amiable qualities which have been attributed to Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Cæſar, that of her love for *ſincerity*,

and

and adherence to truth, is particularly mentioned with the applauſe they merit.

Ariſtotle, the Macedonian philoſopher, being aſked what a man could gain by telling a falſehood, replied "Not to be credited when he ſpeaks the truth."

Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, reſided in the family of Cardinal Colonna, by whom he was loved for his virtues, and eſteemed for his abilities. A violent quarrel having happened which that nobleman was anxious to know the foundation of, that he might do juſtice to the injured party, he aſſembled all his houſehold, and compelled them to take a ſolemn oath that they would repreſent the circumſtances with fairneſs and impartiality; and even his brother, the Biſhop of Luna, was called upon to make the ſacred aſſertion: but when Petrarch appeared, with an intent of following the biſhop's example,

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the cardinal inſtantly cloſed the book, ſaying, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is ſufficient."

Zenocrates, an Athenian philoſopher, was ſo highly celebrated for his truth and veracity, that one day, when he approached the altar, to confirm by oath the truth of what he had aſſerted, the judges unanimouſly declared *his word* was a *ſufficient* evidence, and would not ſuffer him to take the oath.

Was I to write volumes with an intention of convincing you of the advantages which reſult from the habit of ſpeaking truth, or the honour which is obtained by the practice of it, I could not convey a ſtronger proof of either, than what may be derived from the above little hiſtorical anecdotes of Petrarch and Zenocrates.



VIRTUE.

SENTIMENTS.

There is ſo wonderful a grace attached to virtue, that even the worſt of characters acknowledge its power, though they are incapable of feeling its effects.

So powerful is the influence of virtue, and ſo gracious the deſigns of Providence, that every man has a guide within his own boſom for the practice of it.

Seneca.

VIRTUE is a word of ſuch general acceptation, that it takes in all thoſe qualities that adorn the mind, improve the character, and add a dignity to human nature. But in this ſection

tion I intend confining its bounds, and merely naming it as the greateſt ornament of the female character, and as the inſeparable companion of modeſty and delicacy.

The virtue to which I here allude, is compoſed of ſo fine a texture, that the breath of ſurmiſe would taint, and the blaſt of ſuſpicion become its deſtruction.

Reputation is a female's choiceſt poſſeſſion, and it is neceſſary to guard it with unremitting care. The ſlighteſt deviation from general forms has ſometimes been the means of tarniſhing it; and thoſe errors which have had innocence for their foundation, have frequently been conſtrued into indications of guilt.

As your conduct is liable to the ſeverity of the moroſe, and the criticiſms of the illiberal, how neceſſary is it, my beloved girls, that your

actions

actions ſhould be ſubmitted to the guidance of caution, that they may never become the food of ſlander, or the ſuſtenance of reproach! Yet do not imagine that I am endeavouring to rob the ſeaſon of youth of thoſe joys to which it is entitled, or ſubſtituting ſerioufneſs in the place of gaiety; for I think that innocent cheerfulneſs of heart, which is the natural attendant upon youth, one of its greateſt ornaments; yet, in the midſt of gaiety, I would have you attend to caution, and, *ſurrounded* by *pleaſure*, be *guided* by *propriety*.

In your intercourſe with the world, you may have the misfortune to meet with characters who, under the appearance of promoting your happineſs, may be aiming at the deſtruction of your virtue; and whilſt alluring you to a bed of roſes, may be artfully concealing the thorns! But if, to obtain pleaſure, they adviſe you to act contrary to principle, their ſociety is contagious,

gious, and you ought to avoid it with as much caution as a peſtilential vapour.

Let your manners to the other ſex be open and unaffected, free from the embarraſſment of prudery, or the freedom of familiarity: yet do not ſuppoſe I wiſh to prevent your receiving, with condeſcenſion, thoſe little attentions which are the effect of politeneſs, or the efforts of good-nature; but beware of ſuffering the ſlighteſt deviation from reſpect, or the moſt trifling infringement upon delicacy.

The Romans had ſo high a veneration for the very names of virtue and chaſtity, that they erected temples and altars in honour of their exiſtence; and ſo tender were the females of their character, and ſo anxious to preſerve it from blemiſh, that they would have preferred *death* to the misfortune of having it tarniſhed. Amongſt the numberleſs inſtances which might

be

be brought to prove the truth of this aſſertion, I ſhall give the ſtory of Lucretia the preference

Sextus Tarquinius, ſon of the inhuman Tullia, was a young man of the moſt depraved diſpoſition: his paſſions had never ſubmitted to controul, nor his inclinations to reſtraint; and if he felt an unlawful deſire, his principles never oppoſed the gratification of it. Chance had introduced him to the acquaintance of Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, a general in the Roman army; and all the ſchemes which artifice could invent, or paſſion ſuggeſt, were made uſe of to win her affection from the worthy Collatinus. At length finding that, inſtead of inſpiring tenderneſs, he had created abhorrence, he reſolved to adopt a different mode of conduct, and, unſheathing his ſword, vowed he would bury it in her ſpotleſs boſom, if ſhe did not conſent to let him become the partner of her bed. Death the virtuous Lucretia would willingly have preferred

to diſhonour; but the inhuman monſter declared that he would kill her ſlave, lay him by her ſide, and then publiſh to Collatinus that he had committed the act to puniſh *his injuries*, and to *avenge his diſgrace*. The unfortunate Lucretia too well knew the depravity of the wretch who threatened, to doubt for a moment his intention of executing; and the horror of having her *fame traduced*, and her character ſtigmatized, at length induced her to conſent to his baſe propoſals: but the next morning ſhe ſent a meſſenger to the camp, requeſting her huſband would come to her immediately; and dreſſing herſelf in deep mourning, ſhe went to her father's houſe, and there waited the general's arrival.

Collatinus, who loved his wife with the moſt unfeigned affection, inſtantly obeyed the ſummons; and, with a heart animated with delight at the proſpect of beholding the object of his tenderneſs, flew to the houſe of her father,

where

where he was told she had retired. But how was he shocked when he beheld her! Instead of the smile of joy, and the embrace of tenderness, with which he was accustomed to be greeted, his welcome was announced by a flood of tears, and a groan of anguish! Many minutes elapsed before she was able to account for this melancholy alteration, or reply to the tender interrogations of her tortured husband. At length, checking the violence of her emotions, she began by assuring him of the strength of her affection, and the tenderness of her attachment, and then proceeded to describe the whole conduct of the inhuman Sextus; and, after declaring her inability to support a life that had been disgraced by dishonour, she drew a dagger from her robe, and plunging it into her bosom, fell lifeless at her distracted husband's feet.

An Arabian prince, of the name of Merwan, in his rage for plunder and persecution, made himself

himself master of a convent, and was so captivated by the beauty of one of the unfortunate nuns, that he resolved the sanctity of her character should be no protection against the brutality of his desires. The amiable young woman finding it impossible to make an impression on his principles, or elude his power, at length resolved to try the effect of artifice, and informed him she was in the possession of a secret to make an ointment that would render those invulnerable who used it, and requested permission to retire to her cell, and prepare it. Delighted at the prospect of becoming invincible, Merwan instantly permitted her to retire, and prepare for him the precious unction. In a short period she returned, displayed her throat covered with ointment, and desired he would draw his sabre, and prove the efficacy of the preparation. The vicious Merwan, incapable of an exalted action himself, had no idea of it in another; and

not

not ſuſpecting it poſſible that the beautiful nun could prefer *death* to *diſhonour*, inſtantly drew the weapon, and aiming a violent blow at the part he imagined invulnerable, was ſhocked and aſtoniſhed at beholding the object of his love inſtantly fall, deprived for ever both of ſenſe and life!

When the prince of Thracia took poſſeſſion of the city of Thebes, inſtead of becoming the protector of innocence and virtue, he inhumanly proved himſelf its deſtroyer; and, amongſt thoſe who fell victims to his lawleſs paſſion, was a young lady whoſe name was Timoclea. Shocked at the indignity ſhe had received, and exaſperated againſt the author of it, rage and reſentment took poſſeſſion of her mind; and inviting him to a room wherein there was a well, ſhe informed him her riches were buried in it. The prince, unſuſpicious of her deſign, inſtantly ſtooped down to gratify his curioſity; and Ti-

moclea, availing herſelf of his ſituation, inſtantly precipitated him to the bottom. The action being diſcovered, ſhe was immediately apprehended, and carried before Alexander as the murderer of one of his captains; but the moment he was informed of the injury ſhe had ſuſtained, he not only pardoned the act, but reſtored her to liberty.

Peter, the czar of Ruſſia, was a man of great abilities, but very ſtrong paſſions, and indulged them at the hazard both of his peace and honour. Having been captivated by the beauty of a young lady at Moſcow, he made her the moſt ſplendid offers to induce her to liſten to his love, and tormented her ſo continually with the declaration of his paſſion, that, to avoid his perſecutions, ſhe reſolved to quit Moſcow, and retire to ſome remote ſpot, where her virtue might be ſecure from his attacks, and her delicacy be ſpared the mortification it conſtantly received:

ceived: but being thoroughly acquainted with the czar's diſpoſition, ſhe was convinced, that if ſhe informed her parents of her intention, it would be a means of involving them in difficulty and diſtreſs; and therefore ſhe withdrew herſelf from their protection without giving them the ſlighteſt hint of her deſign; and going to the houſe of an old woman who had nurſed her, deſcribed her ſituation, and intreated the huſband to direct her to a place of ſafety, where ſhe would be likely to be unſought for, and undiſcovered. The man, who was a wood-cutter, adviſed her to ſecrete herſelf in a wood adjoining his cottage, and offered to build her a little hut to ſhelter her from the inclemencies of the weather. Accuſtomed, as ſhe had always been, to the elegancies of life, how great muſt have been the alteration, and how melancholy the change! yet, ſupported by virtue, and protected by innocence, ſhe forgot grandeur, and met poverty with reſignation! Her parents were inconſolable for her loſs; and the czar's

diſappointment was evinced in all his actions. Spies were ſent into different parts of the country, and great rewards were offered for the diſcovery of her perſon. The unhappy father and mother were the firſt objects of his reſentment; but when he became ſenſible they were unacquainted with their daughter's flight, he endeavoured to *conſole* inſtead of increaſing their *ſorrows*. Twelve months elapſed, and no tidings were heard; and it was univerſally imagined this amiable young woman had found ſome means of ending her exiſtence to avoid the czar's perſecutions: but at length ſhe was diſcovered by a colonel in the Ruſſian ſervice, who, ſhooting in the wood, was ſtruck with the ſight of her humble dwelling, emboſomed in the deepeſt receſs. But if he was aſtoniſhed at beholding an habitation in ſo unfrequented a ſpot, how much more ſo was he, when he viewed its lovely inmate, and heard her reaſons for having choſen ſo forlorn an abode! The impreſſion of aſtoniſhment was ſoon converted into ſentiments

of

of tenderneſs and eſteem; and, after imparting the joyful intelligence of their daughter's exiſtence to her diſconſolate parents, he informed them of the impreſſion her virtues and beauty had made upon his heart, and earneſtly intreated their conſent to his marriage. The parents conſidered themſelves too much the colonel's debtor to deny their conſent, and the czar was cautiouſly informed of the young lady's exiſtence. Struck with ſo uncommon an inſtance of delicacy and virtue, he reſolved it ſhould not go unrewarded; and ſending for the colonel into his preſence, informed him he would not only attend the marriage ceremony, but beſtow upon him the hand of the moſt virtuous woman in his dominions; and, in addition to it, give him with her three thouſand roubles a year!





CONTENTMENT.

SENTIMENTS.

The foundation of content muſt ſpring up in a man's own mind; and he who has ſo little knowledge of human nature as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing but his *own diſpoſition*, will waſte his time in fruitleſs efforts, and *multiply* the *griefs* which he wiſhes to remove. *Johnſon.*

A contented mind is a continual feaſt; and the pleaſure of the banquet is greatly augmented by knowing that each man may become his own entertainer.

A CONTENTED temper is one of the greateſt bleſſings that can be enjoyed, and one of the moſt material requiſites for the diſcharge of ſocial duties. The mind that is continually

continually repining at its lot, and lamenting the miſeries of its fate, at length becomes ſo habituated to the practice, that it forgets its own unworthineſs, and, by conſtant murmurings, grows impious towards its Maker. Diſcontent may be termed a gangrene, which preys upon the vitals, infects the whole conſtitution with diſeaſe, and at length totally deſtroys the pleaſure of exiſtence!

If I was deſired to give an allegorical deſcription of *contentment*, I ſhould term it the offſpring of Piety, the ſiſter of Reſignation, and the parent of Cheerfulneſs.

Mr. Addiſon, in one of his excellent diſcourſes, obſerves, that there are but two things which ought to deprive us of cheerfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe (ſays that elegant writer) is a ſenſe of *guilt*; for no man can be eaſy or tranquil whoſe conſcience convicts him of

of acts of impiety, or deeds of desperation: And the second proceeds from a doubt or disbelief of the existence of a Supreme Being. "There is something (says the author I have just quoted) so particularly gloomy in the last idea, that it is no wonder the being who indulges it should be incapable of cheerfulness."

For my own part, I consider contentment as a duty which *I owe my Maker*; and cheerfulness as another which *I owe society*. A repining, gloomy temper is, doubtless, one of the greatest misfortunes that can be attached to human nature, and yet certainly one that is least intitled to pity, because it is brought on by peevishness, and nurtured by caprice.

Can you, my beloved girls, look abroad into the world, and behold the miserable objects with which it abounds, without feeling your hearts

hearts glow with gratitude to the Author of your own felicity? Can you ſee wretchedneſs pining under want, diſeaſe ſtruggling with poverty, and virtue bending under the tyranny of oppreſſion, without adoration to your Maker for an exemption from ſuch calamities?

Your ſituation has hitherto been ſo fortunate as to preclude the entrance of a repining thought; for, devoid of want, you muſt be happy; and, unuſed to diſappointment, it is impoſſible you ſhould complain: But the day of affliction may arrive, and the ſunſhine of proſperity may be veiled in a cloud of darkneſs! The proſpect which is now ſo enlivening may be ſuddenly overſhadowed, and a dreary gloom ſucceed the brilliant view! Then will be the time for the exertion of fortitude, and the practice of contentment; and till then neither can be called into action.

Little merit can be aſcribed to thoſe who are contented with a lot which abounds with felicity, or who appear ſatisfied becauſe they have no opportunity for complaint. Contentment can only be conſidered as a virtue when trials have called forth fortitude, and misfortunes have produced reſignation.

Hiſtory abounds with inſtances of exalted characters, who, from habitual contentment, have deſpiſed wealth, diſdained power, and even declined regal dignity, though their ſtations were humble, and their fortunes circumſcribed. Highly as thoſe actions have been applauded, and great as they certainly appear, I ſhall prefer giving you the hiſtory of a poor ſoldier, whom Doctor Goldſmith accidentally met with, to every other I ever read; as I conſider it the fineſt leſſon in favour of contentment that can be ſelected either from the paſt or preſent age.

"No

"No obſervation is more common (ſays the author I have juſt quoted) than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other lives. The misfortunes of the *great* are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers. There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on, and ſympathizing in the diſtreſs: but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can encounter them with fortitude and tranquillity, may certainly be conſidered as a truly great character.

The Story of the diſabled Soldier.

"Accidentally meeting (ſays Doctor Goldſmith) a poor fellow, whom I knew when a

boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg, I was anxious to become acquainted with the circumſtances that had reduced him to his forlorn ſituation; for knowing him to have been both honeſt and induſtrious, I felt an intereſt in his *misfortunes*, which induced me to requeſt he would oblige me with the relation of them."

"As to my *misfortunes*, Maſter," replied the heroic philoſopher, "I can't pretend to have gone through more than other folks; for, except the loſs of my limb, and the being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon (thank heaven!) that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, has loſt both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank God! it is not ſo bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropſhire. My father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; and

and ſo then I was put upon the pariſh: but as he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were not able to tell to what pariſh he belonged, or where I was born; and ſo they ſent me to another pariſh, and they ſent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept ſending me about ſo long, that they would not let me be born in any pariſh at all: but, however, at laſt they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved at leaſt to know my letters; but the maſter of the workhouſe put me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an eaſy kind of life for five years. I only worked ten hours in the day, and had meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run away: But what of that! I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both

early

early and late: but I ate and drank plentifully, and liked my buſineſs well enough, till he died, and then I was obliged to provide for myſelf, and ſo then I was reſolved to go and ſeek my fortune. In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and ſtarved when I could get none. But happening one day to go through a field that belonged to a juſtice of the peace, I ſpied a hare croſſing the path juſt before me, and, as ill luck would have it, without thinking what I was about, I threw my ſtick at the poor animal, ſtruck it on the head, and laid it ſprawling at my feet. Juſt as I had tucked it under my coat, who ſhould I have the misfortune to meet but the juſtice himſelf. He called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, deſired I would give an account of my breed, ſeed, and generation: and though I gave a true account of myſelf, the juſtice doubted it; and ſo I was *found guilty*

guilty of being poor, and ſent up to Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vagabond.

"People may ſay this, and that, of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. But this kind of life was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I was taken out of priſon after five months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off with two hundred more to the plantations. We had but an indifferent paſſage; for being all confined in the hold, the greateſt part died for the want of freſh air; and thoſe who recovered were ſickly enough, God knows. When we came aſhore, thoſe which remained alive were ſold to the planters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar, I was obliged to work amongſt the negroes; but I ſerved my time out, as I was in duty bound to do. When it was expired, I worked my paſſage home;

and

and right glad was I to ſee Old England once again, becauſe I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for ſome time, till one evening coming home from work, two men *knocked me down*, and then deſired me to *ſtand*. They belonged to a preſs-gang, and I was carried before the juſtice; and as I could give no account of myſelf, I had my choice, whether to go on board a man of war, or to liſt for a ſoldier. I choſe the latter; and in this poſt of a *gentleman* I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders; was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy; and received but one wound, through the breaſt, which our doctor ſoon cured.

"When

"When the peace came, I was diſcharged; but as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice. I have fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal: but it was not my good fortune to *have promotion;* for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the preſent war; and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before ever I ſet my foot on land.

"The boatſwain fancied I underſtood my buſineſs, (though God knows I was quite ignorant of it,) and uſed to flog me for faults I could not correct; but as I had ſtill my forty pounds

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in my pocket, I looked forward to better days. But my happineſs was of ſhort duration; for our ſhip was taken by the French, and all my money torn from me.

"Our crew was carried into Breſt, and many of them died becauſe they were not uſed to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, becauſe I was ſeaſoned. One night, as I was ſleeping on my bed of boards with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well) I was awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand. "Jack," ſays he to me, "will you knock out the French centry's brains?" I don't care, ſays I, (ſtriving to keep myſelf awake,) if I lend a hand." "Then follow me," ſays he; "and I hope we ſhall do the buſineſs." So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the French. Though we had no arms, one Engliſhman is

able

able to beat five French at any time. So we went down to the door where both the centries were poſted, and, ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran to the quay, and taking poſſeſſion of the firſt boat, got out of the harbour, and put out to ſea. In three days we were taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who was glad to meet with ſuch a number of ſtout hands. But here Fortune did not favour us; for we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, which was ſeventeen more than the Dorſet. But to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight laſted three hours; and if our men had not been all killed, I verily believe we ſhould have obtained the victory! I was once more in the hands of the French, and fancy it would have gone hard with me, if I had not been retaken by the Viper. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, Sir, that in the engagement I loſt

my

my leg, and four fingers off my left hand: But if I had had the good fortune to have met with the accident on board a king's ſhip inſtead of a privateer, I ſhould have been intitled to cloathing and maintenance all the reſt of my life; but that was not my chance. One man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England! Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Such an inſtance of fortitude, and ſuch an example of contentment, I have ſcarcely met with in the page of hiſtory; and I am convinced, that if the unfortunate ſoldier had been placed in ſuch a ſituation of life as to have rendered his conduct conſpicuous, he would have immortalized his name by ſome heroic exploit: for the reſignation with which he endured misfortune, the cheerfulneſs with which he encountered

countered adverſity, and the contentment with which he ſupported oppreſſion, could only have ariſen from true greatneſs of mind.

But if an untaught, uneducated, and neglected being, could cheerfully encounter an accumulation of misfortunes, and gratefully acknowledge that others were more miſerable than himſelf, what a leſſon ought it to be to thoſe whoſe minds have been informed by precept, and inſtructed by religion, to ſupport adverſity with reſignation, and diſtreſs with fortitude! And if your ſituation, my beloved girls, ſhould ever be ſuch as to require the exertion of thoſe qualities, I flatter myſelf with the hope, that the recollection of the poor ſoldier's contentment will inſpire you with the wiſh of imitating his virtues; and at the ſame time remember that poverty can only be attended with ſhame, when vice accompanies the actions

tions of its poſſeſſor; for, as Mr. Pope juſtly obſerves,

Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe:
Act *well* your part—there all the honour lies.





PASSION AND ANGER.

SENTIMENTS.

It is much eaſier to check our paſſions in the beginning, than to ſtop them in their courſe.

Our paſſions are a diſeaſe which, by frequency and neglect, become fatal.

Seneca.

PASSION and anger are propenſities ſo contrary to that ſoftneſs which is a female's greateſt ornament, that it even ſeems difficult to ſuppoſe it poſſible they could ever obtain admiſſion into the mind: yet, unamiable as they

are

are in appearance, and dreadful as they have been in conſequences, they too frequently have contrived to enter, to the deſtruction of gentleneſs, the baniſhment of peace, and the total overthrow of domeſtic comfort.

Doctor Blair, in his excellent diſcourſe upon the Dominion of the Paſſions, ſays, "the hiſtory of all mankind has ever been a continual *tragedy;* and the world a great theatre, exhibiting the ſame repeated ſcene of the follies of men ſhooting forth into guilt, and of their paſſions fermenting by a quick progreſs into abſolute miſery." Melancholy as this picture appears, I fear there is too much truth in the obſervation: but if you would avoid falling under the diſgraceful cenſure, always oppoſe the very beginning of paſſion; and as ſoon as you find the tempeſt riſing, have recourſe to every proper method of allaying its violence, or of eſcaping to a calmer ſhore.

Anger and reſentment are ſo turbulent in their effects, ſo pernicious in their conſequences, and ſo deſtructive to the peace and order of ſociety, that it is wonderful the deſire of ſelf-gratification ſhould not be ſufficiently powerful to root out ſuch troubleſome companions from the human breaſt; yet, though all are willing to acknowledge the bad tendency of paſſion, few will take the trouble of endeavouring to eradicate the deſtructive evil; and though they blame the failings of their neighbours, they are partially blind to their own imperfections.

It has long been the ſubterfuge of the paſſionate and revengeful, to throw that odium upon *nature* which ought only to be attached to *themſelves*, and to ſay they are born with paſſions which it is abſolutely impoſſible for them to ſubdue; and therefore, however outrageous their actions may appear to ſociety, or

however deſtructive they may prove to the happineſs of thoſe with whom they are connected, ſtill they are objects more deſerving of pity than meriting blame.

This mode of arguing may be very ſatisfactory to themſelves; but I am convinced that even you, my dear Louiſa, (who are certainly prone to the indulgence of paſſion,) will acknowledge both its weakneſs and injuſtice: for if, as a child, you are capable of ſubduing reſentment in the preſence of thoſe whoſe diſpleaſure you ſtand in awe of, how much more able to acquire that aſcendency over their paſſions muſt thoſe be, whoſe judgments are ripened by years, and improved by obſervation!

Let me then conjure you, my beloved girls, if you value my peace, or your own felicity, to endeavour to acquire an abſolute aſcendency over your paſſions; and, inſtead of nouriſhing reſentment,

reſentment, check it in its firſt approach. Cultivate a kind, generous, and ſympathizing temper, which feels for diſtreſs, and ſtretches out a hand to relieve it. Thus you will be kept free from that conſtant irritation which imaginary injuries are continually creating in a ſuſpicious mind, to the deſtruction of its repoſe, and the baniſhment of its peace.

That weak heads or bad hearts ſhould be under the dominion of paſſion, is neither extraordinary or uncommon; but that great talents, or ſuperior abilities, ſhould have been diſgraced by the indulgence of ſo lowering a practice, is at once inexplicable and aſtoniſhing; yet, amongſt the following examples, which I have ſelected from hiſtory for the purpoſe of inducing you to guard againſt the ſlighteſt appearance of paſſion, you will find that even royalty has been ſtained by its indul-

gence, and great abilities been disgraced by its practice.

Elizabeth, who, as a queen, stands unrivalled in the page of history, and whose superior abilities were calculated to call forth universal admiration, tarnished her glory, and disgraced her character, by the unjustifiable indulgence she gave her passions; for who can read of a queen having placed herself upon a level with one of the meanest of her subjects, by giving a blow to the favourite of her affections, without despising her fury, and feeling contempt for the being who, in defiance of all delicacy, was so great a slave to her passions?

In the life of Frederick, king of Prussia, there is a remarkable anecdote related of his sister, which neither tells to her honour, or is recorded to her credit.

A custom-

A cuſtom-houſe-officer, in the diſcharge of his duty, ſeized ſome ſilks which were intended for the princeſs, becauſe they had not been entered according to the eſtabliſhed rule, and by that means had avoided paying the accuſtomed duty.

The princeſs, enraged that any of her brother's ſubjects ſhould venture to detain *her property*, commanded the cuſtom-houſe-officer to appear before her; and, forgetting the ſoftneſs of her ſex, and the dignity of her character, upbraided him in no very gentle language for (what ſhe termed) the impertinence of his conduct. The man, conſcious that he had only properly diſcharged the duties of his ſtation, preſumed to remonſtrate upon her diſpleaſure; and this circumſtance ſo entirely put the princeſs off her guard, that, running up to him with fury in her aſpect, ſhe not only

loaded him with abuſe, but ſtruck him ſeveral blows upon the face.

Olympias, wife of Philip, king of Macedon, was a woman of ſo turbulent a ſpirit and ungovernable temper, that the king found it impoſſible to live with her upon terms of peace or cordiality; and though he once loved her with the moſt unbounded affection, yet the violence of her temper, and the depravity of her heart, ſoon taught him to conquer his tenderneſs; and finding ſhe was neither to be won by perſuaſion, or intimidated by fear, he ſued for a divorce, and was afterwards married to Cleopatra.

A lovely form is often the covering to a turbulent temper. Roxana, a Bactarian princeſs, whom Alexander the Great had brought into captivity, was ſo tranſcendantly beautiful, that it was impoſſible to behold her without admiration;

admiration; and the hero who had ſubdued thouſands, found himſelf enſlaved by her charms. Too generous to take advantage of Roxana's ſituation, he ſued for that which he had a right to demand, and fancied himſelf the happieſt of mortals, when Roxana conſented to ſhare his throne. But though her perſon was lovely, her mind was vicious, and her paſſions ſtrong and ungovernable; and, after the death of Alexander, ſhe rendered herſelf ſo obnoxious to the people, that a party was formed againſt her, and ſhe was put to death.

Zenobia, wife of Odenatus, king of the Palmyrenians, was a woman endowed with a maſculine greatneſs of mind; yet thoſe hiſtorians who have extolled her for feats of bravery, and acts of valour, cannot avoid cenſuring her for the indulgence of paſſion, and the practice of cruelty; and though ſhe poſſeſſed many virtues, yet thoſe vices were ſuffi-

ciently

ciently great to throw a ſhade over the brighteſt of them.

Zoe, wife to the emperor Romanus, had, from her infancy, yielded to the dominion of her paſſions; and whoever oppoſed the gratification of them, were certain of feeling the weight of her reſentment; for her anger was exceſſive, and her fury without bounds. Deaf to the voice of principle, and loſt to a ſenſe of virtue, ſhe put no check to the violence of her deſires; and even the life of her huſband fell a ſacrifice to their accompliſhment; for having fallen in love with a young man whoſe perſon was attractive, ſhe contrived to have the emperor murdered, and then made him her partner in the throne!

If to paint vice is to render it deſpicable, the inſtances I have now ſelected will be ſufficiently numerous for that purpoſe; and you

will

will feel as repugnant to the practice of it, as if I had written volumes upon the ſubject. Whilſt I am anxious to guard you againſt the approach of paſſion, I am ſolicitous that you ſhould correct every appearance of harſhneſs. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, or wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyments: accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; and though you are exempted from them, yet harden not your hearts againſt another's ſufferings; but cheerfully contribute to the relief of woes you never felt, and miſeries you have the good fortune never to have endured.

I have now only to conjure you, my beloved girls, to let truth be the guide of your hearts, and ſincerity the dictator of your actions. Avoid artifice, adhere to honour, and uniformly practiſe the duties of benevolence. Impreſs your minds with the original and natural equality of

man,

man, and by thoſe reflections check the approaches of preſumption. The advantages of birth, and the ſplendour of fortune, are trifles when compared with greatneſs of mind; and it is only thoſe who can bear proſperity without arrogance, and *adverſity* without *meanneſs*, who deſerve to be *conſidered* as *truly great*.

FINIS.



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